

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 10.

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1894.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. W. Stambaugh, Superintendent Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. Prayers meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in the lecture room of the church. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. R. H. Dolliver, pastor; F. C. Jorgenson, Superintendent of Sunday School. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.
O. D. S. Gallup, President
A. W. Cochran, F. C. Jorgenson, J. D. Root, J. P. Mickelson, Wm. Seuer and S. H. Holbrook, Trustees
Joseph Malone, Village Clerk
W. E. Ward, Cook
G. T. Steubing, Collector
L. W. Wood, Village Attorney
H. Meacham, Supt. waterworks
Henry D. Jones, Street Commissioner
Chas. Haskin, Pound Master
W. W. Curtis, Engineer
C. O. Lowman, Police Magistrate

POLICEMEN.
C. D. Moore, Captain of Police
Charles Duvel, Village Constable
Henry Dismas, Patrolman
Wm. Haesman, Special Police

BOARD OF EDUCATION.
Uwen Stuart, President
Frank W. McNally, Secretary
A. E. Morf, Tommas Jones, Charles Kobow, F. C. Jorgenson, J. E. Berry, Trustees

Board Meeting.
A regular meeting of the board was held on Tuesday evening. Trustees Sauer and Root absent. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. Bill from Mr. Phillipson of \$40 for changing location of poles, and lamp from Cumberland and Mt. Hope avenues was referred to street committee. The president stated that court assessment No. 31 for laying water mains, had been confirmed by the city and W. Railroad company's part, but had been reopened again and several objections filed, and suit was now pending. The attorney was instructed to proceed in the matter. The sewer ordinance in Peal's subdivision was passed after being amended to read, that 20 per cent of the total cost should be paid on first assessment and balance be divided in six equal installments. The contract for building sidewalk was awarded to S. V. R. Brinson. The matter of lamps for Canfield on the hill, also communication from residents on Leonard street regarding electric lamp globe were laid on the table. The matter of sidewalk for the Congregational church was passed till next meeting. Mr. Robinson was instructed to proceed at once with laying sidewalk from Fairy avenue to Center street. The board decided to run a survey on Cumberland avenue from Crescent to Center street. The contract with Mr. R. Brinson for laying sidewalk with power to act as contractor C. W. Maynard's sewer estimate for \$1,142.96 was accepted and ordered paid. A bill was presented and ordered paid for packing in thirty-five fire hydrants at \$38 each, amounting to \$1,330; also a bill from Mr. Tarnow of \$45 for painting water tower. Estimate No. 3 of Kissack and Muir for macadam, amounting to \$1,375.75 was ordered paid. Two bills of \$344 and \$97.33 respectively, from Mr. Clark for building sidewalk and approaches were ordered paid, as were also one of \$2.50 from S. W. Robinson and \$4.33 from Fred Bowden. Trustee Mickelson's dog ordinance passed second reading. The Congregational church was allowed the free use of village water for sprinkling purposes one hour each day. No reply from Capt. Black in reference to his stock having been received a committee was instructed to wait on him in the matter. Adjourned to July 24.

Notice.
The directors of the Park Ridge cemetery will pay a suitable reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who on Saturday, July 14, desecrated the family lot of Mr. Keyser at the above cemetery by pulling from the grave a choice Clematis vine recently planted there.

Hire's ice cold root beer and ice cream at Mrs. Ayott's.

Mrs. Ferman entertained the following people from Chicago at a basket picnic on Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Able, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Lund, Mr. and Mrs. Leganger, Mr. and Mrs. Olson and Mr. and Mrs. Jule.

The Park Ridge band picnicked with their families at Ashland park on Sunday.

A Methodist lawn social was held at Mrs. Gillick's on Tuesday evening at which the Park Ridge band discoursed charming melody.

A valve rod broke at the water works pump on Monday. The next thing the village will go broke paying for repairs of this white elephant.

Forty incandescent lights have been placed in the Congregational church.

Mrs. Capt. Anderson makes three weekly trips to Milwaukee on the wheelback steamer Christopher Columbus, for the benefit of her health.

The Epworth guards and the boys' brigade are enjoying their camping season.

Ice cream, cake, breads, pop, etc., at Mrs. Jones'.

A. Stainer & Son.

The above firm have entered into the flour, feed, hay and grain business on Park avenue near Elm street, and are deserving of a large patronage from the people of Park Ridge and vicinity.

The Congregational Sunday school enjoyed their annual picnic by the Desplaines river on Saturday.

FOR SALE.—By W. E. Blaikie, Park Ridge, improved residence and acre property. Also twenty-seven notes, aggregating \$1,050 at a large discount, secured on Park avenue property worth \$3,000. This is a good investment.

TO OUR PATRONS.—Pursuant to notice in our last issue in reference to change of control of the SUBURBAN TIMES we earnestly request a prompt settlement of all claims due us. The Park Ridge HERALD will continue under the same management as heretofore.

Camp Meeting at Desplaines.
Camp meeting commenced on Thursday, the 19th, and will close on the 31st of July. The M. E. church will remain closed during that time and will undergo thorough repairs. The first Sunday in August communion services will be held and new members received into the church. Carriages will run continuously from Park Ridge to camp grounds and railroad fares have been reduced. An admission of 10 cents will be charged to camp grounds.

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BARRINGTON.

THE EVANGELICAL SALER CHURCH.—Rev. Wm. Schuster, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m. Evening service at 7:30.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Mr. Halley, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening services every Sunday at 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Rev. J. F. Clancy, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 8 o'clock a. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—E. W. Ward, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 m. Children's services 9 p. m. Class meeting 6:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday 7 p. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. B. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.—Rev. E. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 751.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, S. W.; C. H. Kenney, J. C. B. Otis, Treas.; A. T. Uhlrich, Sec.; A. F. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.

BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday in the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Runyan, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C. Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C. A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Bute, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Serg.; Chas. Senn, Chap.

M. W. A. CAMP No. 809.—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyers Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, E. M.; R. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Antholts, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; E. P. Askew, S.

W. R. C. No. 88.—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

Edward Clark, a former resident of this place called on old acquaintances here last Tuesday.

Miss Carrie Reese and friends from the city spent a number of days the past week at the home of Miss Reese's parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Reese. Mr. George Alverson will move in the Dr. Sherman house, located near U. E. DeVoll's residence.

Oils for farm machinery, window glass, lead, linseed oil, varnishes, brushes, etc., at J. D. Lamey & Co's.

The sparks from a passing locomotive of the E. J. & E. railway ignited the grass last Saturday afternoon along side that road, and the flames swept fully two acres of grass land on Mr. Fred Meyer's property adjoining that road, burning a few loads of hay in the field and a number of rods of hedge fence before it was got under control.

M. T. Lamey can place your insurance in first-class companies. Give him a call.

The ball game between the Barringtons and the Waucondas last Sunday afternoon, resulted in another defeat for our home nine by a score of 23 to 35.

Miss Julia Lamey of Chicago spent Sunday with her parents.

Ben Newman of Chicago spent Sunday with his parents.

Use A. W. Meyer & Co's best patent flour—\$1 a sack.

The Lake county teachers are attending the Teachers' institute at Waukegan this week.

Frank Allen of Chicago was out last Saturday to attend a birthday party of George Spooner at Lake Zurich.

Miss Etta Compton, who has been spending a week with friends here, returned to her home at Elgin last Sunday.

For Sale—Fifty cords of second growth cord wood, sawed.

The concert given at the M. E. church last Saturday evening by the Schubert club was well worth hearing. The parts taken by Misses Anna Krahn and Pauline Blackman of Chicago added greatly to the concert. The following program was rendered:

PART I.
Chorus, "See Our Oars With Feathered Spray".....By Schubert Club
Duet, "I Heard a Voice in the Tranquil Night".....F. E. Lines and D. A. Blackman.
Solo....."Waiting"
Anna Krahn.
Quartet....."Away to the Fields"
Mary C. Frye, Carrie E. King, Loyd, D. A. Blackman, J. E. Kelsey.
Duet, "I Heard a Voice in the Tranquil Night".....Misses Mary and Laura Price.
"Mary's Lamb".....By Twenty Girls.
PART II.
Chorus, "Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre"
By Schubert Club.
Solo....."Persian Serenade"
Mrs. H. T. Pixley.
Duet....."Swallow, Happy Swallow"
Anna Krahn, and Carrie E. Kingsley.
Solo....."Lover's Good Night"
F. E. Lines.
Double Quartet....."Lady Bird"
By Ladies.
Solo....."Walking in the Rain" in costume
Paulina Blackman.
Anthem....."Wake the Song of Jubilee"
Double Quartet.

The steady dry weather of the past number of weeks has completely dried up the pastures in this vicinity and the farmers have already commenced to harvest their grain.

Dr. Richardson has moved into the Bute residence which he purchased a few months ago.

When in want of paint, don't fail to call on J. D. Lamey & Co., and see their stock of lead, oils, varnishes, mixed paints, brushes, etc.

One hundred and eight degrees above in the shade last Tuesday.

Herman Shanck and John Bromelkamp are at work putting in two stone bridges for the Town of Elia near Lake Zurich.

Misses Allie Meier and Esther Elvidge gave their Sunday school classes a picnic in Horroway's grove Thursday of last week.

Work on the foundation of Henry Brockway's new residence was com-

menced this week and is now nearing completion. The work is contracted by Elgin parties.

A large number from here are attending camp meeting at Desplaines this week.

Mrs. Robert Nightingale is very sick at the home of her father at Carpentersville.

William Jayne of Nunda visited at the home of E. Cannon last Sunday.

Henry Miller, who has been taking a few months' vacation, commenced work for the Chicago & Northwestern railway last Monday.

A. W. Meyer & Co. sell roller straight flour at 80 cents a sack.

You will find burgy, wagon, house, barn and floor mixed paints always in stock at J. D. Lamey & Co's.

Rev. E. W. Ward visited in the Johnson neighborhood this week.

M. T. Lamey spent Monday with W. H. Selleck in the city.

Messrs. George Heimerdinger and Fred Beinhoff spent Saturday evening and Sunday with friends at Elgin.

You can buy machine oils for resawers, binders, etc., at J. D. Lamey & Co's. They sell only the best.

The Barrington Fire Department appoint Officers.

At the meeting of the Barrington fire department July 13, 1894, E. H. Frye was appointed general overseer, to keep apparatus ready for use, etc.

The following divisions were appointed to act in case of fire:

Fire Marshal—John C. Piaggie.
Hose Cart—P. H. Miller, Ed. Blocks, F. Mier, H. A. Harndell.

Engine—A. Schauble, John Brinkamp, F. Johnholt, William Mier, Ed. Peters, E. Macher, H. J. Larcshute, H. Schwemm, Charles Jahnke, Nozzle—Karl Naehrer.

Ladders—G. H. Laudwer, C. P. Hawley, F. H. Frye.

Axes—Frank Piaggie.
Pails—B. H. Sott.
Chemical Engines—T. H. Creet, Wm. Howarth, A. W. Meyer, C. C. Henning, M. C. McIntosh, Phil Hawley.

Lanterns—Wm. Gruneau, Hawley, W. F. Stott, Ed. Haskmeister, M. B. McIntosh, J. E. Heise.

The first person named in each division is the head of that division.

Moved, seconded and carried that in case of fire the fire marshal have sole command and the heads of the various divisions look to him for orders, and if the fire marshal be absent, the head of the hose cart division act as marshal, and if he be absent, the head of the nozzle division act as marshal.

D. H. RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beinhoff are the happy parents of a boy, born July 12.

Quite a number of the M. E. Sunday school visited the school at Honey Lake last Sunday.

J. D. Lamey & Co. shipped eighteen cords Joliet stone to Gilmer and Lake Zurich this week, to be used in the construction of two bridges at those places.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Peck are entertaining company this week.

Mr. Charles Beinhoff made a short visit to Palatine last Wednesday evening.

Miss Dollie Bennett of Chicago is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. K. Bennett.

You can buy plain and fancy window glass in all sizes at J. D. Lamey & Co.

The Baptist Sunday school gave a picnic at Lake Zurich last Wednesday.

Mrs. Creet entertained company from the city a few days the past week.

Miss Lizzie Davlin of Wauconda visited Miss Nellie Donlea a few days this week.

J. D. Lamey & Co. received a large consignment of cements last Wednesday.

IRVING PARK.

The fourth contest for the Brunswick-Balk inter-club championship trophy at 14-inch balk-line billiards will take place at the auditorium of the Irving club, Saturday evening. The contestants are our champion E. L. Milburn of the Irving club and C. E. Norris of the Chicago Athletic Association. This is the second contest between these two gentlemen.

The first of which was played on May 24 and in which Mr. Norris was defeated by a score of 200 to 94. The contest will doubtless be highly interesting.

Fred Hollis returned home on Wednesday from the hospital, where he underwent a most painful and serious operation, which was entirely successful, and his many friends are pleased to see him about once more.

Bessie Crego, the little 10-year-old daughter of F. A. Crego of St. Charles avenue had the misfortune to fall while climbing a tree on her father's lawn on Monday, and sustained a broken arm.

R. L. Stockwell of Hunting avenue returned on Wednesday from a two weeks' service as a deputy marshal at the stock yards.

The Bacillus of the Influenza.

The microbe of the "grip" otherwise the "influenza bacillus," was discovered by Dr. Canon of Vienna, who first detected it in the blood of one of his patients. It is a curiously shaped organism, many times smaller than the microbe of any other known germ disease, and was only revealed to the human eye by using a microscope with a magnifying power of over 1,000 diameters.

DESPLAINES.

CHURCHES.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. A. F. Conroy, pastor; B. F. Kinder, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Young People's Society meeting Sunday evening at 6:45.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Edward Hubler, pastor; Geo. A. Wolfram, Superintendent Sunday-school. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

LOUNSBURY CHURCH.—The Rev. W. Lewrance, pastor. Sunday service at 10 a. m., followed by Sunday-school at 11:30.

ST. MARY CHURCH.—The Rev. P. A. McShane, Pastor. Services at 9:30 Sunday morning Sunday school at 11 a. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—The Rev. E. Bloech, pastor. Sunday services at 10 a. m.; Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m.

COURT MAINE No. 32, I. O. F.—Meets on second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Thos. Keate, Chief Ranger. Thos. Connor, Secretary.

Now is your chance to save money by trading with George F. Meyer. Prices are marked way down for cash. Don't fail to call and examine goods and prices.

Reid's ice cream in bulk or solid bricks, any flavor. Fancy moulds of cream or jellies handsomely decorated for parties, weddings and receptions a specialty. Family trade will receive prompt attention. The Bee Hive pharmacy.

The pressed brick for the school building are on hand and the masons are at work again.

W. S. Longley moved into his new house on Graecland street this week.

The case of the State of Illinois vs. Leonard Forscher for alleged conspiracy in raising a note of \$50 to \$150 has been dismissed for want of evidence. The case was tried by Judge Smith.

John Koehler has commenced a new house on the corner of Perry and Ida streets. Mr. Koehler is a young man and on the unmarried list. June is supposed to be the most favorable month for matrimony, but if June slips by unawares what is the matter with September or October.

There was a lawn social at the residence of J. H. Curtis last Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Sunday school library of the Methodist church.

No services will be held at the Methodist church during camp meeting. At the Congregational church services will be held as usual.

A stock company located at Park Ridge wants to furnish Desplaines with twenty electric lights for the sum of \$2,000. This, of course, would furnish light for a portion of territory to be covered and the rest would be left in utter darkness. This matter can best be disposed of by "laying it on the table" for the trustees have a much more important problem now on hand, and that is a water supply for the village. Gray Brothers seem to have abandoned the job and it is thought by some that they will try to make the corporation pay for a dry hole in the ground, although the contract expressly specifies a certain number of gallons per minute. Besides, the street lamps have just been repaired and now give a fairly respectable light and at a very much cheaper rate than can be done by electricity.

The article in last week's issue signed by "An Interested Citizen," did not pass through our hands, consequently we did not know the name of the author, but we are informed by the present publisher of the paper, Mr. L. S. Rasmussen, that the article was written in good faith by a responsible person, who is ready and willing to make a liberal donation toward the establishment of such an institution as was made mention of in the article of last week.

Reward offered to any person giving information regarding the party who destroyed the vine on the rustic cross on my lot at the Park Ridge cemetery.

For the accommodation of the people of Desplaines and vicinity I have made arrangements to be at my new residence, near the Congregational church, in Desplaines, every Tuesday.

E. W. PERSONS, Dentist.

Ice cream and soda water, with pure fruit flavors, at the Bee Hive pharmacy.

Farmers say that if the drouth continues much longer the potato crop will be a failure. The vines of early potatoes are drying up.

It is considered against the peace and dignity of the village to allow "rushing the can" in the railroad park. Officer Rupp, who is a guardian of the peace for the Northwestern Railway company, has his larboard eye out for offenders of this sort.

The fearful explosion that occurred in Chicago last Monday was near the residence of I. N. W. Sherman, formerly of this place. Mrs. Sherman was awakened from a sound sleep, but thought the noise was thunder.

Late potatoes and corn will be a small crop unless we get rain soon.

John Thorsen recently sold some potatoes for \$2.50 per sack. Potatoes are much cheaper now.

Mr. Nicol, Sr., has moved with his family into a part of Peter Johnson's house.

Joseph Kiehl, familiarly known as "Old Joe," was some time a resident of this place has gone to Wisconsin to work for a while.

M. C. Wilcox's new house will be an ornament to Elm street. We wish there might be a few more such residences built in Forest Glen soon.

Appropriate Names.

In looking over an old dictionary, a curious gentleman found the following names, than which it would be difficult to imagine any more admirably adapted to the professions

A POKER STORY.

Ralph W. Simpkins, Larimore, N. D.

There were six of us sitting in a group in the lobby of the M— hotel in Chicago. The ordinary run of conversation had gotten low and time-worn subjects exhausted, when some one with a seemingly disinterested yawn, suggested a quiet game of draw poker in a secluded place.

The proposition was received with favor, as it was put to each one in turn, but just before it came to me a portly man who hitherto had been rather silent, put a strong objection on his part.

"Just a little game with a five-dollar limit, and a man may withdraw when he wishes," urged the originator, well knowing that a man's congeniality rarely allows him to pull out of a game unless he is forced by lack of cash—and then—well, the other fellows never object.

"I can look upon no game of poker," responded the portly gentleman, "with a limit less than that of death itself since—"

"Since you dropped your last wad, eh?" put in an insurance man, who was a little irritated at the man's refusal to play.

"No, sir, since I saw death as the result of a game, suggested under circumstances similar to these—a human life, sir, sacrificed at the gamblers' altar of pleasure and excitement."

I always like to hear poker stories, well told, and I imagined that this man, although not deemed talkative by the rest of the crowd, had a good one on hand, and I fancied he could dress it out in fitting style, so I asked him to relate the incident.

One or two of the others became interested, and as a result he consented to tell us about it.

"It was natural enough," he began. "Sitting in the office of a hotel in one of the Western cities where a drummer for a wholesale liquor house, a collector for an Eastern firm, two other drummers whose line I do not recollect, and myself, then the representative of a Cleveland playing-card manufacturer."

"It was in the evening, and as we had been together pretty much all the afternoon, the conversation sagged. "Some one proposed a game of poker. No one objected, and we retired to a room where we would be free from observation. The materials for the game were quickly produced, as also was a table, which looked suspiciously like one which had been used for similar purposes on many a previous occasion."

"None of us were professional gamblers, at least I am sure I was not, although I liked a little game once in a while, just for the excitement it afforded. And right here I may say I do not think that since that fatal game one member of that little company has ever touched a card for the purpose of gambling."

"The game progressed finely. None of us were losers of any great amount and the pots seemed to be distributed about equally among us. That was all right for a starter, but a poker game, as you all know, does not get real interesting, nor does the excitement reach the highest pitch until the players begin to buck one another on the freeze-out plan."

"This point of the game came along as slowly and surely as fate. Shortly after midnight. A jack-pot was made and the liquor man opened it. Everybody staid and drew cards."

"Somebody I do not know whom, moved that we take the limit off. That all excepting myself were well fixed with cards I knew by the eager way they gave their assent."

"The first drummer to my left—it was my deal—had drawn three cards; the second drummer two cards and the collector and the liquor man, who sat next in order drew one card apiece."

"As for myself, I held up two cards, jacks, and drew a seven spot of diamonds, 10-spot of hearts and queen of spades. That settled me I passed up my hand."

"The first drummer opened the skirmish with a twenty. The second drummer raised him thirty dollars and was in turn raised by the collector. The liquor man did not show any lack of interest and he saw the collector's bet and raised him a hundred."

"This made two hundred in the pot. I was out of, course, and on the next turn around the first drummer signified his intention of passing. The second drummer raised the pot fifty dollars and the collector saw him and threw in two hundred to kind of scare out the liquor man, but he didn't scare worth a quince and he raised the collector back a cool two hundred and fifty."

"With \$650 in the pot the game began to get interesting and was made even more so by the collector rining for the clerk."

"When that worthy came he was instructed to fetch up an envelope the collector had deposited in the hotel safe during the day. With the arrival of that the game began with renewed intensity."

"The second drummer threw up his hand. This left it to the collector and liquor man. The former tore open his envelope and extracted therefrom a large roll of bills, evidently his collections for the month."

"It was then that the game of poker stopped and the game of freeze out began. The liquor man had plenty of money, and raised each other back and forth until there were fully \$5,000 on the table. Then to my surprise the liquor man called."

"He evidently had just enough left to do so and it was a fatal mistake of the collector in not throwing on his whole pile in the first place, thus forcing the liquor man out."

"For a moment they eyed each other and then laid down their hands as coolly as any gambler you ever saw."

"We all leaned forward and saw that the collector's hand consisted of four kings and a small diamond, and gentlemen, the liquor man had held up the four aces and an insignificant spade."

"The collector trembled visibly for a moment or two, grew white in the face and then in a cold, hard voice—a voice that seemed to come from a marble statue rather than a man—"

"The pot is yours, sir," then stretching his legs under the table and putting his hands in his trouser pockets he added

"Gentlemen, the money which represents me in that stake is what I have collected on this trip, the losing of which disgraces me in the eyes of my firm and my family—in short, ruining me gentlemen, and still the hard, cold voice."

"With one hand he brought from the inner pocket of his coat a photograph and threw it on the table; with the other hand he drew a revolver and before we could prevent it had shot himself in the forehead, scattering brains over the table, the cards, and the ill-won bills and gold, but not a particle touched the photograph."

"For fully a minute not one of us moved. It was too horribly true, it seemed. There in the chair with his bloody head hanging over the back of it—for he had not fallen on the floor—was one of five careless, genial fellows who had consented to enter into a poker game not a half-dozen hours before."

"I picked up the photo. It was that of a young girl with a pretty face and longing, languorous eyes. I could not look at that face without feeling a sense of guiltiness creeping over me, and I turned it away from me."

"My eyes caught the glimpse of an inscription on the back, and I read, "My dearest Allan, from May."

"Without doubt they were engaged to be married."

"Gentlemen," the portly man concluded, "I have not played poker since that time, never will in the future, and have given this incident as a good and sufficient reason why I will not join you in a game to-night."

There was an impressive and appropriate silence for the space of a few minutes broken by the man who had proposed the game.

"Well, if we can't get up a game, let's go down to the theatre, we've got to have something to sort of even us up."

All agreed and as we rose to go I queried of the portly man:

"I suppose you quit the playing card business directly?"

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "I'm in the coffin business now."

BEAUTY INSTEAD OF BLEMISH.

Improvements on Nature Possible by the Aid of the Surgeon's Knife.

"The operation of reducing the pug is a simple and almost painless one," said a surgeon, demonstrating one of these cases to a writer for the New York Tribune. "A little cartilage is taken from the upturned member, the slight wound is dressed, and then a clamp is adjusted which gives the nose a tendency in the right direction, and in a few days the change from 'pug' to straight has been perfected. We have had a number of these cases; one was a tall man, an actor by profession, who thought his nose the greatest obstacle in his way to success. It was an ugly feature, sure enough, and, being a calling where the slightest pretext for chaffing and gulling is made the most of, it was no wonder he wanted the change made. We helped him and sent him away after ten days' treatment with a new and better nose. A hump on a man's back," the doctor said, "must remain, but there is no good reason why a man or woman should carry a hump around on the nose."

In proof of his ability to conquer this facial blemish, he showed a "before" and "after" picture of one of his patients, whose nose, Roman in the superlative degree, had been modified until it became a thing of beauty.

But it is not the ill shaped nose alone that has yielded to the dermatologist's art. The "lop-eared man" who discovered too late that by pulling his cap down over his ears those members lost their shape, projected and made him look unlike the man nature intended him for; has an instrument placed on his ears, and after a few weeks he is the lop-eared man no longer. Women whose ears have become deformed through improper hair-dressing and among those who come for relief, and many who were "born so" have the defect remedied. Then there are the persons whose eyebrows meet over the nose and form a continuous line.

"We have outgrown the belief in the 'devil's mark' and all the superstitions which are linked to the continuities of eyebrows," said the doctor, "but we must confess that this particular blemish gives the face a sinister expression. Now, with an electrical instrument, we remove the superfluous hair and change the scowling face into one open and frank."

Moles and birthmarks are made to disappear under treatment, and even wrinkles which time leaves are cheated and defrauded out of being. A young woman who had the habit of corrugating her forehead by elevating her eyebrows had four deep furrows across the brow which added several years to her age in looks and did nothing to enhance her beauty. She went to a dermatologist, submitted to an operation, and a smooth brow was the result.

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MARRIAGE FOR YOUNG MEN.

Usually the Only Thing That Will Make a Man Save Money.

This is a true story, and one that will apply to many other men besides this particular one. It is a great pity that this is true, but so it is.

A prosperous business man who employs quite a number of clerks, said recently that he had been led to the conclusion that the young man who saved and invested his earnings is an exception to the rule. He was surprised to find this to be true. The facts came out when he began reducing his working force as business fell off. The first to be dropped were those who had no family depending upon them. Then it was that they would confess they hadn't saved a dollar, and had no means whatever upon which to live.

This same man also observed that the married men nearly all had saved something, notwithstanding their salaries were no larger, and in some cases less, than those drawn by single men.

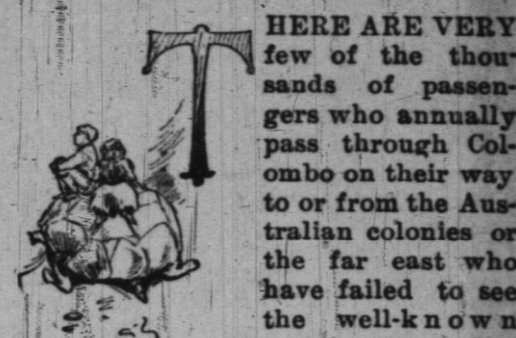
By quizzing these young bachelors he found that riotous living was the principal cause of their poverty. Some of them gambled on the quiet, and others just naturally let it go right and left as long as there was any to go.

From this he concluded that marriage is a very good thing for a young man, provided he marries a sensible, practical sort of a woman. Hereafter he proposes to give married men the preference because, in so doing, he will be helping those who are willing to help themselves.

AN AGED TORTOISE.

HAS RECENTLY EXPIRED AT COLOMBO.

It Was One Hundred and Fifty Years Old and Had Been the Pride of Travelers for Many Decades—Measured Six Feet.



HERE ARE VERY few of the thousands of passengers who annually pass through Colombo on their way to or from the Australian colonies or the far east who have failed to see the well-known tortoise at "Up-

lands." These will hear with regret that the venerable reptile which has spent some one hundred and fifty years of his life in that healthy spot has at last breathed its last as a protest against its removal inland. Its actual age was probably 200 years. It measured six feet from snout to tail and its shell measured 4 feet 6 inches. Its probable name is testudo elephantopis, though some erroneously speak of it as testudo indicus, another large variety. The original home of the species was the Seychelle, and Mauritius groups of islands, but sailing vessels found them very convenient as a reserve of live fresh meat in the event of scurvy breaking out, and as a result they have been at last restricted to one island—Aldabra island, to the north of Madagascar. Even here they are almost extinct, and would have been so long since had not Lord Stanmore, then Sir A. Gordon, made it worth the natives' while to preserve them by demanding, in his capacity as governor of Mauritius, an annual tribute of two specimens.



THE COLOMBO TORTOISE.

The tradition with respect to the Colombo tortoise is that it was sent to Ceylon from Java, as a present to the governor, who in those days was a Dutchman. Whether that be so or no, it is certain that the creature was quite at home in 1796, when the Dutch rule was replaced by English. Through all the events which have occurred since those days the reptile has maintained its quiet existence, excepting for a struggle it is said to have successfully maintained against no less than seven men who endeavored to remove it to the grounds wherein an exhibition was being held, and for such little excitement as might have been occasioned from time to time by the carrying of half a dozen delighted children on its back. Recently, however, the local government acquired Uplands as a site for a gravestone, and claimed the tortoise—for which Dr. Gunther of the British museum is said to have unsuccessfully offered £10 some years ago—as part of its bargain. As soon as the work was begun the creature was moved to the Victoria park, about a mile inland, where it sickened and died in less than a month. Mr. Haley, the director of the local museum, immediately inquired of the governor whether it was to be preserved and kept in Colombo or sent to the British museum, which is said to have a claim upon it. The decision has been to retain it in the island, and the shell has accordingly been stuffed and added to the attractions of the museum in Colombo.

India's Woman Lawyer.

The first and only lady lawyer of India is Miss Sorabji, a clever Parsee. She was induced to study law by her desire to help her country-women, who are forbidden by religion and custom to receive legal advice from men. The young woman won academic honors in India, and afterward went to England and studied at Oxford, where she was successful in her work and became a protegee of the late master of Balliol. Many a time, on Sunday evenings, it is said, when Dr. Jowett toddled slowly into the college concert in the hall, at the head of his party, he was followed by her lithe, graceful figure in picturesque sari, the native dress of Parsee women.

Sage of Bloomingdale.

Nicholas Seagrist, known for many years as "the sage of Bloomingdale," died in his home in New York recently at the age of 79 years. He was the son of Joseph Seagrist, who was an officer under the first Napoleon, and came to this city a year after the battle of Waterloo. The family lived for years at No. 44 Leonard street, and in that house Nicholas Seagrist was born. More than fifty years ago Mr. Seagrist moved to what was then known as the village of Bloomingdale and opened a country store, in which he made a moderate fortune. He invested his money in land in that neighborhood, which in time became extremely valuable.

It is sometimes necessary to head off one fire by starting another.

There is no tariff in the kingdom to which the Salvation army appeals.

Beware of the snake that is able to assume the color of its surroundings.

Paradoxical as it may appear, good husbands make the best kind of wives.

Would that men's lives were always worth as much as they are insured for.

The Samoan Question.

In view of the agitation concerning the attitude of this government toward Samoa, and the reports that it proposes to withdraw from the existing tripartite control, the appointment of James H. Mulligan of Kentucky as consul-general has a special interest. Mr. Mulligan is widely known throughout Kentucky as a man of ability and high character. He is about 50 years of age a lawyer, and has occupied many positions of trust and responsibility, having served one term as state senator and for several years as a member of the lower house of the legislature. His friends regard him as peculiarly equipped for the duties of the office he is now about to assume. The character of his instructions is not known.



JAMES H. MULLIGAN.

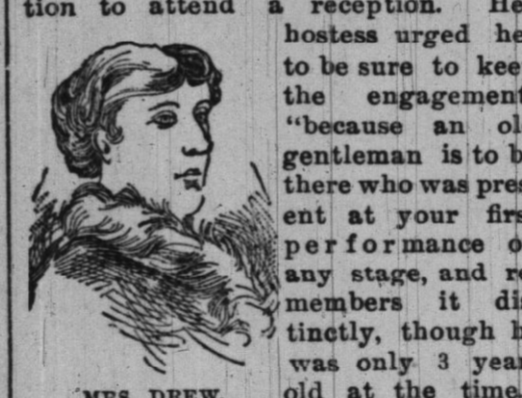
but it is not believed in well-informed circles that the government is prepared to withdraw absolutely from the existing treaty arrangement and hand over the islands to exclusive foreign control. There may, however, be modifications of this agreement with a view of securing a form of administration more acceptable to the islanders, while at the same time assuring proper protection to American interests.

Death of Duc de Dino.

Duc de Dino, who was one of the oldest foreign residents in Florence, died there recently at the age of eighty-one. He was a younger brother of the Duc de Sagan et Valency, and had lived in Florence all his life. The Duc de Dino's eldest son, the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, married Miss Bessie Curtis, an American lady of great attractions, from whom he was divorced a few weeks ago, and has since married another American. By one of those curious arrangements which render foreign titles so confusing, the son has changed names with his father, he being known as the Duc de Dino, while his father had descended to Marquis de Talleyrand Perigord.

Mrs. Drew's Experience.

Mrs. John Drew, that veteran but still charming actress, recently had an experience that was as unique as it was pleasant. She was playing in a southern town and accepted an invitation to attend a reception. Her hostess urged her to be sure to keep the engagement, "because an old gentleman is to be there who was present at your first performance on any stage, and remembers it distinctly, though he was only 3 years old at the time."



MRS. DREW.

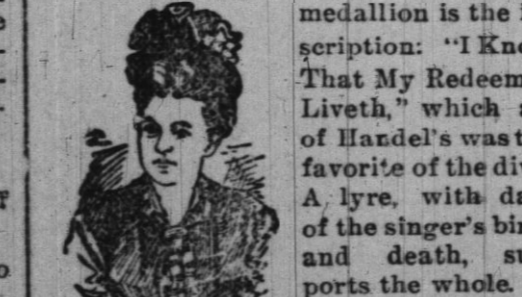
She refused to tell his name, and Mrs. Drew said she thought of nothing else for three days, even dreaming of the old gentleman. Finally the day came, and at the door of the house Mrs. Drew encountered her old friend, Joseph Jefferson, who said to her: "Just fancy! I am to meet an old lady here to-day who saw me act the first time I ever appeared on the stage. I'm quite excited over it." When they got inside, the hostess confessed that she had tried her little ruse in order to get both the artists to attend, and Jefferson admitted that Mrs. Drew had attended his first appearance on any stage.

A New Bridge Plan.

The south branch of the Chicago has a nearly completed bridge that is unique. Instead of the ordinary draw, it has an iron tower of trellis-work at either end. These towers are nearly two hundred feet high, and support machinery for hoisting the bridge entirely out of the way of navigation. The main structure goes up as smoothly as a dumb-waiter until it is one hundred and fifty feet above the water, where it hangs until the engineer starts the ponderous machinery, when it as slowly sinks again. The arrangement has met with so much favor that other bridges on the same plan are talked of.

Jenny Lind Memorial.

The memorial recently unveiled in the Poet's Corner in Westminster abbey to the famous singer, Jenny Lind, is a striking medallion portrait in profile, carried out in marble by the late Mr. Birch, R. A. Encircling the medallion is the inscription: "I know That My Redeemer Liveth," which air of Handel's was the favorite of the diva. A lyre, with date of the singer's birth and death, supports the whole. A large gathering was present at the ceremony of unveiling.



JENNY LIND.

Including Mr. Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, with his sons, daughter, and grandchildren, with many distinguished persons of the social and musical world.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

AMUSEMENT AND INFORMATION FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Betsy Baker's Birthday Picnic and How Uncle-Jim's Collie Became a Hero—A Pretty Needle Case to Be Made Without Sewing—Why She Cried.

The ride to Bumpville. Play that my knee was a calico mare Saddled and bridled for Bumpville: Leap to the back of this steed, if you dare, And gallop away to Bumpville! I hope you'll be sure to sit fast in your seat, For this calico mare is prodigiously fleet, And many adventures you're likely to meet As you journey along to Bumpville!

This calico mare both gallops and trots, While whisking you off to Bumpville: She paces, she shies, and she stumbles, in spots

In the tortuous road to Bumpville: And sometimes the strangely mercurial steed Will suddenly stop and refuse to proceed, Which, all will admit, is vexatious indeed, When one is en route to Bumpville!

She's scared of the cars when the engine goes "Toot!"

Down by the crossing at Bumpville: You'd better look out for that treacherous brute Bearing you off to Bumpville!

With a snort she rears up on her hindmost heels And executes jigs and Virginia reels— Words fail to explain how embarrassed one feels Dancing so wildly to Bumpville!

It's bumpy bump and it's zigzagtyloz, Journeying on to Bumpville: It's over the hilltop and down through the bog

You ride on your way to Bumpville: It's rattety bang over bowlder and stump. There are rivers to ford, there are fences to jump, And the corduroy road goes bumpybump, Mile after mile to Bumpville!

Perhaps you'll observe it's no easy th' Making this journey to Bumpville, So I think, on the whole, it were prudent to bring

An end to this ride to Bumpville: For though she has uttered no protest or plaint, The calico mare must be blowing and faint— What's more to the point I'm blowed if I ain't: So play we have got to Bumpville!

Collie Dan.

When Betsy Baker's birthday was only ten days off her indulgent mamma told her that she could plan a day of pleasure, and anything she decided upon as being a proper celebration of the event she would be allowed to carry out.

Now, Betsy was a generous little girl, and in scheming for a happy holiday she thought of others before she considered her own pleasure, and in the end decided that above all things she would like to have a picnic at Uncle Jim's farm.

So it was determined that all the little boys and girls in the neighborhood should be invited to aid in making Betsy's birthday one long to be remembered. Betsy herself made the rounds of the neighborhood and invited all of her friends. The children accepted with joyous exclamations, and the consent of the parents was not hard to obtain, for Betsy's mother was known to be a very careful woman when children were placed in her charge.

The sun had not been up very long on the bright June morning that dawned upon Betsy's birthday before all the little folks, dressed in holiday attire, assembled in the Baker yard, and their presence alone made that little corner of the world look brighter and happier than it had ever looked before.

They had not been there long before two great wagons, each drawn by four horses, drove up to the gate, and one smaller wagon. Into the first two the boys and girls were quickly lifted, and into the last there were big bundles and baskets and buckets that gave fair warning of the feast to come.

It was five miles to Uncle Jim's, but the merry little folks, who spent the time during the ride in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue," and many other songs, thought the distance very short.

Uncle Jim was ready for the picnic party, and so was Aunt Hannah, who had a kiss for each smiling face, and so were Uncle Jim's big collie dogs, that appeared to think that the outing was arranged solely for their pleasure.

Out in the grove behind the orchard Uncle Jim had constructed a number of swings and see-saws, and in one corner of the big field beyond he had mowed the grass so that the boys could have a nice ball field.

The little folks, after the manner of their kind, quickly scattered and gave themselves entirely over to the many games that help amuse Jack and Jill.

After a while Betsy and several of her friends wandered off down the lane toward the water—an arm of the sound—where Uncle Jim kept moored his yacht. Hauled out on the sandy shore there was a small boat, and into this the girls jumped and played "sailors."

It was rare good fun, and they rolled to their hearts' content. They did not notice that in their romping they had loosened the skiff from her moorings, and that a rapidly rising tide had set her adrift. Suddenly Betsy discovered that their frail craft was adrift, but thought it fine fun and shouted in their glee.

But on the shore, Dan and Dick, two wise collie dogs, evidently thought differently. They saw the little boat drift from the shore, and scented danger, probably disaster. They ran to and fro along the water's edge, emitting short, sharp yelps, and in dog language proclaiming the peril of the little folks.

A strong wind from land sprung up, and despite the force of the incoming waters the boat was surely but slowly making for the broad stretch of treacherous waters beyond.

Betsy began to realize that her position was not one of pleasure, and in her distress called aloud for help. Her companions took up the cry, and the plaintive cries reached the ears of the

troubled dogs on shore. The latter redoubled their yelps, but they were too far from help for them to be heard.

The frightened girls looked to the intelligent dogs to save them. They saw one of the dogs suddenly leave his companion and dart up the lane, while the other one waded out in the water as far as he could go, the meanwhile keeping up a succession of sharp barks.

As the boat drifted outward it appeared to feel the full effects of the wind, and its headway was increased. Minutes seemed ages to the thoroughly alarmed children, who saw before them but a short stretch of land-locked cove and beyond a wide sweep of rolling waters.

The remaining dog, Dan, was seemingly becoming desperate. He whined piteously. The girls saw him leave his wading ground and plunge into the deeper water and swim toward them. They cheered him.

The race between the dog and boat was a close and exciting one. The entrance to the cove was not very wide, a narrow strip of land extending well out that acted as a sea wall to the little haven. If the boat should get beyond this arm the chances of rescuing the children were slim indeed and this fact appeared to be known to Dan.

The good dog reached the boat before the danger line had been passed. He swam around and around, seemingly unable to afford assistance. With a joyous bark he finally grasped the boat line tightly between his teeth and started to paddle toward the point of the projecting strip of land.

Dan was a big dog and possessed lots of strength, and the wind aided him somewhat, for he had only to make a slight change in the skiff's course to run it aground. He struggled as seldom a dog ever fought, and his efforts were not in vain, for after toiling what seemed to be a long, long time the bottom of the boat scraped the pebbly shore.

Just at that moment Uncle Jim and Dick, followed by a half dozen men, broke through the shrubbery that lined the shore, and rushing into the shallow water, brought the girls safely to shore. It was a joyous rescue.

And Dan? He could have had all the good things in the baskets.—New York Journal.

The Little Housekeepers.

What pretty things can be made out of paper? Here is a needle-case made by a little girl about 10 years old. She made it for her mother and did it without any help. It is such a dear little thing that all girls should make one for their own workbaskets. The little girl who made this one does not like to sew; so she managed to contrive the whole thing without taking a stitch. First she got a piece of stiff drawing paper and cut it ten inches long and four inches wide. This she marked off with dotted lines. Along the lines she cut to a point, and through it made a short slit with a pen-knife. Through this she pushed the end of a ribbon, and fastened another ribbon in the same manner. She then got some bits of pink cashmere, which had been left over from her last party dress. She pinked the edges and fastened them together with a piece of pale pink ribbon, threaded in and out through little holes she had cut in the cashmere. She fastened this to the inside of the case with mullage, and then made another for the lower half of the case. The decoration on the outside, the maker explained, was an original design. The flowers are of the same shade of pink as the ribbon, and the dots are put on with gold paint.

Hints for Reading.

A writer for young people advises that they read always with an atlas, and dictionary at hand, and carefully locate every place mentioned, as well as look up the meaning of all the words new to them. This might make slow work of reading, but think how much knowledge one could thus acquire. The same writer urges boys and girls to read aloud in the home as often as they can and practice on the article they are to read until they can do it so well that it will be a pleasure to hear them.

A United States senator once told me that the habit of his life had been to choose a subject, and for months read everything he could get hold of on that subject, until he felt that he knew quite a good deal about it. People say of this man: "What a fund of information he has."

A Curious Clock.

There is a curious instance on Lord Armstrong's estate in Northumberland, Eng., of his lordship's applied science, in the shape of a workman's clock, which was designed and made under his direction. Besides striking the hours the clock rings a bell at the various times when the workmen go to and from their work. On Saturday the bell varies its warnings in recognition of the half-holiday, and Sunday it observes as a day of rest.

How Tommy Told.

Mrs. Yergler—Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam? Tommy—Yes, ma. "I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key to the pantry." "You don't need the key, ma. I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside." "That's what I wanted to know. Now, just wait until your father comes home."—Texas Siftings.

Why She Cried.

Mother—What have you done to your little sister? Boy—Nothing.

"Then what is she crying for?" "She's cryin' because she can't think of anything to cry for."—Pearson's Weekly.

A LUCK-PENNY.

1872.

It is Saturday night on an Australian gold field. The bar of the "Jolly Diggers" is crowded.

News has gone abroad that "Dog" Kellarey has broken out again, and as he always takes care to have his little bouts remembered a crowd soon collects.

On this peculiar Saturday he has set himself to try conclusions with "Kangaroo Jack" of the Midas Claim. It is a gorgeous struggle—even old "Wall-Eyed Bill," who is exacting in such matters, is compelled to admit that they fight anyhow and everywhere, under tables and under chairs—while the lamps flare, the dogs bark and the crowd expresses its admiration in language full of picturesque detail.

"Kangaroo Jack" tires after the twenty-sixth round, and his friends carry him to his tent minus one eye and plus concussion of the brain.

Then, when "Dog" Kellarey counts his broken fingers every one suddenly remembers the unguarded state of his tent and vanishes into the darkness, not to reappear until the sound of the coach horn is heard on Portuguese Hill.

The arrival of the weekly coach, bearing her majesty's mails, is an occasion of great importance, and ranks even before New Finds or Wardea's decisions.

About 11 o'clock the coach creaks and groans up the street, to pull up before the flaming lights of the "Jolly Diggers." It is a curious, lumbering construction, riding on leather springs and drawn by five strong horses—a sort of badly brought-up cross between an antique mourning coach and a dilapidated Indian gharri.

The driver, to whom is intrusted the lives and hereafter of the half-dozen passengers, travels the 240 miles between the gold fields and civilization twice weekly, and is always preternaturally thirsty. Custom, however, forbids his leaving the box before he has seen his horses unharmed and led away, and he exchanges the usual pleasantries with his own particular admirers. When in due time he does descend, passengers, diggers, loafers and dogs escort him into the hotel and in half an hour the excitement is over.

On this occasion, however, it is destined to last longer; "Dog" Kellarey, advancing, invites the driver to take refreshment.

After complying with the request, that individual gets out to the vehicle, to return with a bundle. Then, unwrapping the shawls, he places on the table a baby girl. She cannot be more than two years old, and is fast asleep, her little head and its pretty curls pillowed on one tiny arm.

Every one presses round to look, with the exception of "Dog" Kellarey, who has no curiosity in the matter of babies. Then questions pour in thick and fast: "Whose is it?" "Where'd ye get the kiddy, mate?" "Whose youngster is it, Bill?" etc.

Any other man would be bewildered—not so with Bill Burns. He says slowly and solemnly, as if aware of its unique importance, "For 'Dog' Kellarey?"

"What?" shouts that gentleman, "that's a lie, you Bill! Who says the kiddy's for me?"

"I do!" replies the driver. "Poll Waites of Wild-Dog shoved it aboard, along with its duds, for yer. The little 'un's father pegged out on Saturday—'Flash Dick' of Wild Dog Creek. 'Is fast words was, 'Sen' the kid to my old mate 'Dog' Kellarey; an' so I fetched it along, and the passengers made up the fare among 'em, so there's nothin' to pay—there!"

"Old Dick pegged out!" the "Dog," mumbles slowly—"old Dick pegged out an' sent 'is kid to me?"

The crowd is so tickled with the idea that it ventures upon a laugh.

The laugh decides him, and stepping up alongside the sleeping child, he sings out "the kiddy's mine, an' the old man as laughs agin' er laughs agin' me. Now let's see 'im as is same to grin!"

He has evidently gone home, for no one answers.

Sunday morning, and "Dog" Kellarey's claim is the center of attraction. The Little Arrival of the previous night plays about the tent door. The "Dog" fearing harm to her from the crowd of visitors, carefully defines his boundary, and threatens dire penalties on the head of any man who crosses it.

News, news!—great and glorious news!

News which runs like wildfire through the field, which flies from tent to tent—from the police cells on the Hill to Dutch Joe's across the Flat, past the Eureka, down to the Day-dawn—never stopping until every one has heard it.

"Dog" Kellarey's proverbial bad luck has turned at last—he has bottomed on the Lead, the new claim has turned up trumps with a vengeance!

It is full of gold—specks, specimens and nuggets. Not nuggets as small as peas, but large as teacups. Not here and there, but in a big deep lead, a fortune at every drive of the pick.

The Luck-penny who has been sleeping in the shadow of the tent, watches and chuckles at a piece of glittering mica. In his excitement the "Dog" sings out:

"Boys! 'tis 'er as done it; there's the lass that brought me luck!"

Three p.m. More excitement! A nugget weighing fifty pounds! The monster of the Field, a wonder of the country and a fortune to its finder.

Picks and shovels are thrown down, the roar of cradles and sluice-boxes stops as if by magic, and the excited crowd starts at a run for the Claim.

On their arrival "Dog" Kellarey says nothing, but for the second time he carefully points out his boundary. He places his revolver on the cradle ready to his hand, and, bless you! the crowd understands what he means by that.

The Luck-penny sucks her thumbs and crows contentedly; womanlike, she knows she is the center of attraction.

When the last visitor has departed the "Dog" picks her up, and says emphatically:

"Kinchin! It's you as brought the luck to the old man. Now, look here, three parts of that claim belongs to you, it does!"

And he meant it.

1872.
A bright, fresh morning, with a few

white clouds scattered about the heavens, the better to enhance the blueness of the sky beyond. A happy spring breeze dashing around corners, and playing the very mischief with silk hats and dainty skirts, whistling through telegraph wires, and covering the harbor with a coating of continuous white foam. A morning on which to feel thankful for existence.

It is easily seen that something unusual is affecting the inhabitants of Potts Point, that fashionable suburb of luxurious Sydney.

At St. Mary's Church door I find a large crowd assembled, representing all ranks of society, and, for the first time, obtained some dim idea of the event I am about to witness. In order to make doubly sure I question an ancient lady, whose dress suggests connection with some charitable institution.

At first she seems inclined to treat my thirst for information with contempt, but finally a desire for gossip overcomes her reticence, and she condescends to tell me all in one breath that "This 'ere is to be the weddin' of Miss Athelwood; not but that 'er name ain't Athelwood, but Kellarey. 'Er as 'dow'd the almshouses down the street—which times bein' bad an' a lone widder as ad 'er ushand an' whose son is doin' 'is last stretch, bein' as innocent as a babe unborn. An' rheumatism bein' that bad, she could cure, only she wouldn't. And Miss O'Sullivan, as lives in No. 9 said as 'ow Miss Athelwood was worth well-nigh 'alf million of money if she was worth a penny—not but that she shouldn't be, seen 'ow she had been born on the gold diggings, and a every one knowed them was good times. And a prettier and better lady never stepped, beggin' 'er pardon for sayin' so."

The old woman once started, was hard to stop. But I was interested in Miss Athelwood, so ventured an inquiry as to her parentage.

"Ah! well may yer say that; not but what yer mightn't understand, seen 'ow 'ow ye're a stranger in these parts. The poor, young dear never 'ad no father to know but Mr. Athelwood, the lawyer. I 'eard tell she were just fetched up from them gold fields by a feller called Kellarey—a miner chap, who give 'er to Mr. Athelwood along of a fortune which 'e said was 'ers. That's twenty year or more now—the same year as my good man was took by the perlice for the Orange bush-rangin' case, an' 'im not never so much as 'avin' a 'alfpenny of the money, but—"

I stopped the dear old lady's family history by asking whom Miss Athelwood was about to marry. As I put the question, an old and villainously dirty swagsman placed his roll of blankets down at the church door and pushed his way toward us.

"In beggin' yer pardon," my lady went on, "Miss Athelwood's a'go'in' to marry, as it's hot in my mind to remember—a dook or a heart, but I can't say which on 'em. Haide-de-camp to the governor they do say he is. But look! look 'ere they comes!"

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the church door and set down its load of fashionable. Then, amidst continuous cheering, Mr. and Miss Athelwood arrived. She looked surpassingly beautiful, and I noticed that the old swagsman was so overcome with astonishment that he kept his eyes staring at the door long after she had passed through it and we had rushed into the church to see the ceremony.

My whole attention was devoted to watching the bride, I could not drive her romance out of my head. She went up the aisle, and returned, the product of a gold field, and returned, to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a countess and a member of one of the oldest families in Europe.

After all the carriages had rolled away and I was returning to go, the old swagsman touched my arm, saying: "Mister! I'm a'go'in' to get yer to do me a favor!"

Asking him what it was, he replied: "Let's go somewhere out of this, where we're alone, an' I'll tell yer."

When we had adjourned to a more fitting place my companion spoke: "I guess you'd call me a liar if I told you that I was the man as brought up that girl as we've just see married? But I am—I'm 'Dog' Kellarey, sure enough. 'Im as give 'er into Lawyer Athelwood's 'ands twenty years ago, with 'er share of the mine that panned out so rich."

"Why don't you go to her, then? I hear she's been hunting high and low for you!"

"That's just it; I know she has. But 'yer think I'm a'go'in' into the company 'o' the likes o' 'er friends? Not me! I'd be makin' a fool of the girl, and she'd be ashamed o' herself. No! I've tramped close on 400 miles to see her married, and now I'm a'go'in' back into the bush to-night for good. I want you to write this 'ere in a letter for me—it ain't much. Say, 'From 'Dog' Kellarey to 'is Luck-penny on 'er Weddin'-day,' and put in the corner, 'I ain't forgot yer, mind!'"

I wrote as he directed, and inclosed—what do you think? A baby's little woolen shoe! The old man had kept this relic as his most sacred treasure for nearly twenty years.—Guy Boothby in Pall Mall Magazine.

Dogs and Pictures.

Apropos of the recognition of pictures by dogs, I think you may be interested in the two following facts which came under my notice a few years ago. A sagacious but quite uneducated old terrier came with his master to call for me, and coiled himself on the hearth-rug while we talked. Turning himself round in the intervals of slumber, his eye caught an oil painting just over his head (a life-size half-length of a gentleman). He immediately sat up, showed his teeth and growled, not once, but continually, as both angry and mortified that neither eyes nor nose had given him notice of the arrival of a stranger. The next instance was similar, except that the chief actor was a young, intelligent collie, who, on the sudden discovery of a man looking at him from the wall, barked loud and furiously. In both instances, after their excitement had subsided, I led the dogs to look at another picture similar in size, and also of a gentleman, but neither of them would take the smallest notice of it. I need only add that the picture which the dogs appreciated was painted by Sir Henry Raeburn—the other was not. Might not a few sagacious canine members be a useful addition to the London Academy hanging committee?—Royal Spectator.

BULLET PROOF COAT.

LATEST INVENTION FOR DEFENSIVE WARFARE.

At a Test Recently Given the Inventor Wore the Coat, Allowing the Soldiers to Fire at Him—New Army Rifles Now Needed.

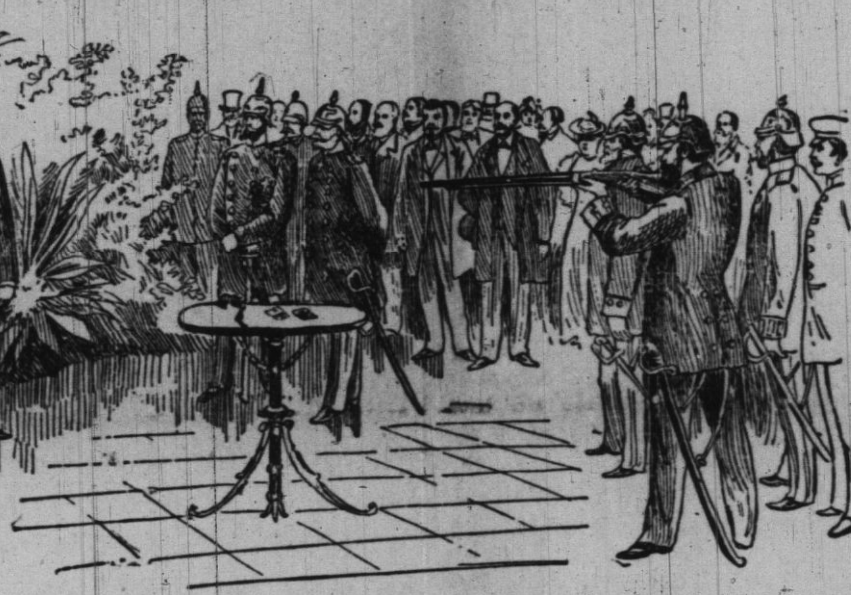
ERR DOWE'S new bullet-proof coat is exciting the keenest interest among European governments. It threatens to revolutionize the science of warfare, and as preparation for war is the chief concern of many European governments, the importance for them of the invention can not be exaggerated. Several tests have been made and they have established the fact that the coat renders the human body invulnerable to the deadliest of modern small arms. A test of the coat was made recently at the Alhambra Music hall, in London. The inventor wore the garment himself and was fired at by Capt. Martin of the British army with a Lee-Mitford rifle. A bullet from this is capable of piercing the bodies of five men at a distance of a thousand yards.

Two shots were fired, Capt. Martin aiming rather low. Not only was the coat not pierced, but Dove hardly appeared to be shaken. He stated afterwards that the shock caused him no pain. This settles a very important point in connection with the coat. It was at first predicted that even if it resisted penetration the tremendous impact of a bullet from a modern rifle would stun the wearer or even shake him to death. It is still difficult to understand how a man can stand upright before a bullet which would pierce five bodies in ordinary clothes. The coat must not only resist penetration, but destroy the impact.

The coat was next suspended against a sheet of plate glass and ten shots were fired at it. The glass was uninjured. The bullets were flattened into the shape of mushrooms. The test was held privately for the military authorities.

A previous test was made in Berlin by the war department. A good marksman fired at a horse having the cloth round its body. A plaster of paris bust was also placed in the coat and fired at. Finally it was tried on Dove himself. The results justified the inventor's claims, as they have in other tests.

The cuirass employed at this test weighed sixteen pounds, but the inventor promises to reduce it eventually to half that weight. Very little is known yet of the composition of the coat. Dove will only explain its manufacture to the military authorities. It is of felt and in its present form is about two inches thick. The coat is, of course, extremely cumbersome, but its adoption appears to be inevitable. An army supplied with it would be able to destroy, with little loss on its own side, an army of soldiers not having the coat. It is easy to imagine some of the radical changes in warfare which the bullet-proof coat will bring about. Fighting will, in many ways, resume its mediæval character, when men encased in steel hacked at one another with weapons of enormous weight and size. Huge axes and other weighty implements will possibly replace the sword and bayonet in the soldiers' hands. Mechanical ingenuity having advanced so much since the middle ages, the new weapons will, perhaps, resemble surgical instruments. It will be necessary to seek out the felt-encased man's weakest point and attack him there. A combat between two men attired in this way will resemble a struggle between two oysters to get one another open. The most useful firearms will then be the light, quick-firing cannon, for a shot from one of these, even if it does not penetrate the coat, will surely disable the wearer. The bullets of all the new army rifles are extremely small, and they apparently are destined to become useless.

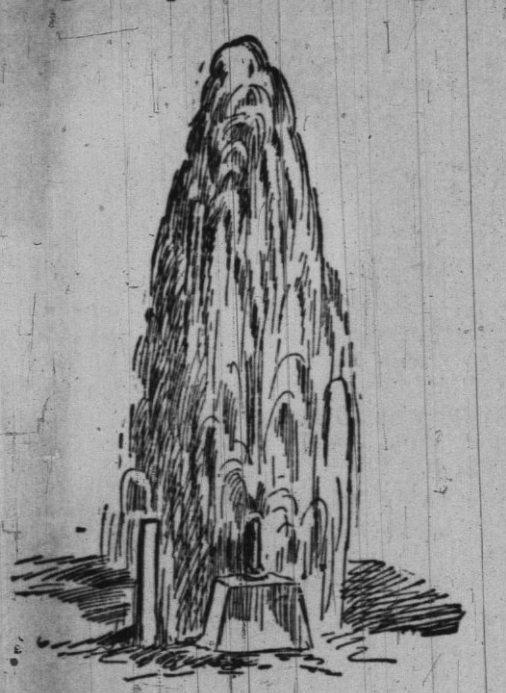


TEST OF THE BULLET-PROOF COAT.

The susceptibility of certain persons to ivy poison is one of the curious eccentricities of the human system that the medical profession frequently has to encounter. Many persons are not in the least affected by it, while others can not go anywhere in its vicinity without feeling the injurious effects. One instance of extreme susceptibility is given where a brushpile was burning when a stranger, passing by, was poisoned by the floating smoke and broke out in rash with violent itching all over the face and hands. In another case some old stakes and rubbish that had been left on a brushpile for years were removed, when the laborer was severely attacked with this difficulty, the eyes being almost closed from the swelling of the face. This poison is somewhat eccentric in its action, and its victims never know just what course it may take. It sometimes makes its appearance on one arm or one ankle, and may appear in several succeeding years at about the same date. Sometimes it is a permanent tenant, breaking out all over the body whenever the system has been overheated. Again, it will form tiny specks just under the skin, and after a few days showing a small, red middle and a slightly raised rim, which comes off and brings the little hard speck with it. The itching is almost intolerable, and nothing yet invented or discovered by medical science is able to afford relief.

or the ice may rest upon a shelf in the main part of the chest. The entire inside is smoothly finished in Portland cement, and the outside may have a coat of good mortar to make it smooth and cleanable. It is possible to make an inner surface almost as smooth as glass, and it may be scrubbed with hot water and soap. A drainage pipe is fixed in at one corner of the floor of the ice-holder, being of zinc, and the pipe being properly attached. In a sandy or porous soil the drip may run into the earth, or it may be caught in a pan set under the drainage pipe. A double cover of wood will be required for the chest proper as well as the ice compartment. If built with the house, this arrangement need cost but the merest trifle. One recently made by that useful person the Jack-at-all-trades cost less than \$4, and was voted far superior to the ordinary high-class refrigerator.

A Nebraska Artesian Well. The artesian well at Niobrara, Neb., of which we give an illustration, has a depth of 650 feet, and is utilized in connection with a system of water-works, electric light, and motor powers, and a large flouring-mill. The well has a flow of twenty-five hundred gallons per minute through an



NIORARA'S ARTESIAN WELL. eight-inch pipe, and with a pressure of ninety-five pounds to the square inch the water rises to an elevation of eighty feet. The spectacle as the jet shoots upward and breaks and falls in masses of spray is one of great beauty. The water has a temperature of seventy degrees. The well is owned by the milling company of the enterprising town.

Forming a Complete Alphabet Out of Notes From Popular Parisian Airs—The Abbot of Baigne's Pig Concert Before Louis XI.—A Tambour Major.

CURIOSITIES IN MUSIC.

THE WHISTLING VOCABULARY OF LAFAYETTE.

August 10, 1792 when the Jacobins dictated their terms at Paris for a national convention, Lafayette, who was in command of the army of the frontier, and several of his general officers quitted the French army in disgust. They were seized by the king of Prussia, from him transferred to the custody of Austria, and long confined in the castle of Olmutz in Moravia.

Although each of the prisoners was kept solitary, yet their apartments were so arranged that they were all within hearing of each other when standing at the windows of their respective chambers. To improve this advantage, says the Boston Herald, they thought of the following plan: There was at Paris a number of tunes called "airs of the Pont Neuf," or those popular balads that were sung at the corners of the streets and other public places. The words of these airs were so well known that to strike up a few of the notes was to recall to memory the words that accompanied them.

By this means the captives at Olmutz gradually composed for themselves a vocal vocabulary by whistling these notes at their windows, and this vocabulary, after a short time, became so complete and even comprehensive that two or three notes from each air formed their alphabet and effected their intercourse. By this means they communicated news to each other concerning their families, the progress of the war, etc., and when, by good fortune one of them had procured a gazette he whistled the contents of it to his partners in captivity.

The commandant of the fortress was constantly informed of these unaccountable concerts. He listened, he set spies, but the whole thing being a language of convention, the most practiced magician would have failed in detecting the intention and real expression of the notes heard. In vain was whistling prohibited, and at length the Austrian officer, weary of conjecture, interposed no further to prevent what he could not comprehend.

One of the most peculiar and unique concerts which I think was ever given was what might be called a pig concert. The abbot of Baigne, a man of wit and skilled in the construction of new musical instruments, was ordered by Louis XI, king of France, more in jest than in earnest, to procure him a concert of swine's voices. The abbot said the thing could doubtless be done, but that it would take a good deal of money. The king ordered that he should have whatever he required for the purpose.

The abbot then wrought a thing as singular as ever was seen, for out of a great number of hogs of several ages which he got together and placed under a tent or pavilion covered with velvet, before which he had a table of wood painted with a certain number of keys, he made an organical instrument, and as he played upon the said keys with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made them cry with such consonance that he highly delighted the king and all his company.

About sixty years ago Jean Henri, the famous tambour major of the Emperor Napoleon, exhibited his extraordinary talents at the London Lyceum theater. Of his performances we are told that, avoiding the noisy and monotonous sound of the drum, he raised the exercise of beating it to a musical art by playing at one time on fifteen surrounding and different toned drums in a soft and harmonious style, forming in effect a novel and complete instrument. He accompanied a full band and went through several such extraordinary evolutions as to astonish the audience, particularly in beating one rapid march.

Among other unprecedented feats he caused twenty-eight candlesticks to fly in the air in all directions, catching them in a peculiar manner under his arms and between his legs. Playing on his various drums he passed from one to the other with such amazing rapidity that the eyes of the spectators, it is said, could scarcely follow the motion of his body and hands, and were left to wonder how the very novel effect was produced.

Musical and mechanical prodigies there have been in plenty, but it is not often that both these attributes are combined in one person, and still more rare, perhaps altogether singular, that these should be combined in the person of a man who was blind. John Watson, a native of Dundee, Scotland, who was born in the closing decade of the last century, lost his sight by the smallpox when only 5 years old. At the age of 13 years he was admitted into the asylum for the blind at Edinburgh, where he soon distinguished himself by his knowledge of mechanics, and the improvements which he was able to make upon any piece of machinery submitted to him. He also showed a talent for music, which, however, from the necessity of gaining a livelihood by the labor of his hands, he was unable to cultivate for some time.

He played on the violin and violoncello at the same time. The stops, says the relator of this anecdote, by which he shortened the strings of his violoncello have been fitted with more than ordinary elegance and precision, additional springs have been added to assist and relieve his

leg in the operation of bowing, and the bow has been fastened to his foot by new machinery, which insures more powerful and steady execution.

A LONG CHANCE.

Willing to Have Him as a Guest, But There Were Obstacles.

One afternoon, as I rode along up the Clover fork of the Cumberland river, I came to a very comfortable-looking house of three or four rooms. A woman was hanging out clothes in the yard and I hailed her, says the Detroit Free Press writer.

"I'm going up the river," said I, "and I'll be back this way about 6 o'clock. Can I stay here all night?" "I reckon you might, mebbe," she replied, coming to the fence, "but I ain't so shore."

"Why not? I wouldn't trouble you, but I'm in a hurry and I want to get as far on my way back to-night as I can," said I, persuasively. "Well," she hesitated, "we hain't but the front room for strangers, an' that's kinder bespoken fer to-night."

"Why can't I divide with the other fellow?" I ventured. "Tain't that. They ain't nobody goin' ter sleep thar."

"Then let me have it," I urged. The woman's hospitable soul was troubled.

"Lookee here, mister," she said, confidentially, as she stretched her neck across the fence so I could catch her lowered tones, "I'll leave it to you whether you'll come er not. You see, it's Bill Diggins nigh to court my darter Sary Angeline, and they allus sets in that room. I'm hopin' William an' Sary Angeline'll hitch purty soon, fer William is the likeliest young man in these parts, an' I don't want'er throw nothin' in thar way. Ef you take that room, William don't git it, an' ef William don't git it, he'll be goin' off in a huff, an' tear the linin' outen all my hopes."

"But why can't I take it after Mr. Diggins has finished his call and gone home?"

She shook her head doubtfully. "You might," she said anxiously, "but you see, mister, Bill is powerful contentiner in his way, an' me an' Sary Angeline humors him, an' he don't ginerly git started till about 2 or 3 o'clock in the mornin', so ef you was waitin' fer him, you'd have to set out in the entry and sleep in a cheer, unless you'd rather take the haymow. Them's the circumstances, mister," she concluded; "it's a case of hitchin' er hospitality, an' you kin take yer choice."

Of course, "them bein'" the circumstances, I smiled my very best smile and told her I'd render all the assistance in my power toward the realization of her hopes.

Recruits in the British Army.

Of the recruits in the British army last year 32,094 were born in England, 3,567 in Scotland and 3,860 in Ireland. One thousand three hundred and five of these young soldiers were under 17 years of age.

SONS OF ADAM.

The man who never praises his wife deserves to have a poor one.

Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher?—Because he is a sound instructor.

"Ah, Mr. Grumpsey, I hope I see you well!" Grumpsey—If you don't, you had better consult an oculist.

Figures show that there were about 200 lynchings in this country last year, of which number 150 were negroes.

"What are you going to make your boy?" "A lecturer." "Has he a taste for it?" "Oh, yes; he inherits it from his mother."

The town of Frederick, Md., is making another effort to raise money for a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," who is buried in that city.

Not long ago a Scotch farmer having lost his wife, but wishing to keep her always in his memory, called his farm "Glenmary." Shortly after a neighbor met with a similar affliction, and determined also to name his farm after the dear departed. Imagine the popular astonishment when it was formally christened "Glanbetsy!"

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Before we can do much good we must first be good.

Some fellows get very low down in getting up in the world.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out.

You can always be happy if you are willing to rejoice with others.

Whatever sin has caused in the human race it may cause in you.

Some people never feel religious until they get in a tight place.

Selfishness cannot be made to know the meaning of true happiness.

The man who buries his talent might about as well bury himself.

Religion that does not change a man's heart cannot change his life.

Lessons learned in the school of experience are remembered the longest.

You have found out what a man is when you have found out what he loves.

The man who quarrels with his lot in life helps the devil to make him miserable.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

If a tenth part of the felicities that are enjoyed in the region of imagination could be imported into regions terrestrial, what a delightful thing it would be to awake each morning to see such a world once more!

China has an academy of manners that prescribes etiquette for the whole empire.

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NOTICES.
Notices of Deaths, Marriage Notices and Obitu-
ary Notices Free. Resolutions, Appeals and simi-
lar matter, eight cents a line, prepaid.

THE water ran out of Ross lake,
in Wilcox county, Georgia, last week,
for the third time in the past five
years. It is thought that there is
an underground passage between the
lake and some river, and when the
water in the river reaches a certain
mark the water runs out of the lake.

It is said that the statue of liberty
in New York harbor is rapidly fall-
ing into decay, and that it serves no
good purpose in lighting the har-
bor. The government is loth to in-
cur the expense of keeping up the
light, and it may be that it will be
abandoned unless private effort pro-
vides the necessary funds to meet
the expense.

M. AUGUSTE BURDEAU, the new
president of the French chamber of
deputies, is a son of working people,
and served an apprenticeship in an iron
foundry. Later he became a college
professor and author. Among his
translations are several of the works
of Herbert Spencer. He is a close
friend of the new president and a
firm supporter of republican ideas.

NOTHING shows better how deeply
the name of Abraham Lincoln is en-
graved in the hearts of his country-
men as the best type of the new world
race of freemen than the fact that
nowadays, when a man dies who was
happy enough to be a friend of the
great martyr, that fact alone suffices
to spread his obituary notice, through
the newspapers, over the whole coun-
try.

It now appears that the real rea-
son the Vigilant failed to capture
those rascals from the prince of
Wales' Britannia is that there was
a lack of a good spanking American
breeze. It ought to be insisted upon
by American yachtsmen that if they
are to race in foreign waters they
shall at least be allowed to take
their own Yankee brand of breeze
along with them.

NEW YORK papers give an account
of a detective being robbed by a
woman and at the same time they
tell of a shark that was seen by sail-
ors in New York bay. Now if a de-
tective had robbed a woman the
news would not have been worth re-
cording; and while the sailors were
looking at the shark playfully sail-
ing in the bay landsmen were dodg-
ing them along Wall street.

A CHICAGO despatch spoke of one
of the rioters killed by the police as
having a "perfectly unpronounceable
name." It is noted as something
peculiar that all of four rioters ar-
rested for defying the United States
marshals could speak English. One
of the lessons of the labor war is
that if the United States continues to
be much longer "the refuge of the
oppressed," the next question
will be, Where will the oppressed
American find refuge?

It is said that Cecil Rhodes, the
diamond mine owner and political
boss of South Africa, is not only a
bachelor, but insists on surrounding
himself with bachelors. He will have
none but unmarried men on his per-
sonal and domestic staff. Any of his
subordinates who marries is dis-
missed. Marriage spoils a man's
career—destroys his singleness of
aim, is his motto. It is quite appar-
ent that Rhodes needs civilizing.

THOMAS STEVENS, the traveler,
who has taken the bicycle to the
utmost parts of the earth, having
returned from India with photo-
graphs of exhibitions of magic,
calmly announces that he knows
how the feats are performed. Mr.
Stevens, however, is wise in qual-
ifying this statement by saying that
he cannot perform them himself. This
difference between knowing how
things are done and being able to do
them is an essential point.

It is to be hoped for the sake of
the Central American states that
there is good foundation for the re-
port that a movement is on foot in
Guatemala for the union of all the
states referred to. Separated they
are not strong enough to maintain a
national life that would be of in-
fluence upon other nations or bene-
ficial to their inhabitants. But united,
they would constitute a small but
sufficiently capable union. National
union would also tend to prevent
those wars that are in the nature of
civil conflicts being between the
states that would compose the pro-
posed union.

BUD BROUGHT THE COPY.

THE EDITOR WAS GETTING MAD AT THE DELAY.

Carleton Had Gotten a Wreck—A Light-
ning-struck Craft and a Death Spread-
ing Explosion—Carleton Died, But
Little Bud Got the Copy.

The editor opened the door and
peered impatiently through the
clouds of smoke rolling up over the
long center table in the reporter's
room.

"Did you get the story, Carleton?"
he asked.
"Carleton is not in yet, Mr. How-
ard," one of the men replied. "He—"
But the door was shut with a bang,
to open a minute later, when the
same worried voice inquired:
"Where's Bud? No, I suppose he
isn't to be found, either. Did any-
one ever know him to be on hand
when he was wanted? Here, Bud,"
as the grimy-faced galley and gen-
eral utility boy in question came in
with his proofs, "go down to the
foot of F street and find Carleton.
There's a wreck of the point, but it
won't do us any good unless he gets
here with that copy pretty soon. We
go to press at 3 o'clock—in just two
hours—"

He stopped with a half smile, for
the boy was already part way down
the stairs on his way to the street.
None of us knew exactly why we
gave the weird, shriveled specimen
of boyhood the name of Bud. Possi-
bly it was because of the certainty
we felt that he would never become
a blossom. He was a thin-shouldered,
shrunken-chested little fellow, small
even for his twelve years, with a
sharp-featured, unchildish face and
the suggestion of eternal croup in
his voice.

Bud found no difficulty in locating
the wreck, although he could see its
dark spars outlined against the sky
much better by running along the
water front as far as H street. The
storm, which had finally caused the
disaster had been raging for three
days, had subsided a trifle, and from
his distance the great, black hulk
seemed resting easily upon the
waves. On account of the hour there
were but few spectators—only the
hurrying life-saving crews, the pa-
trolmen and the inevitable groups of
ragged wharf rats. And Bud ob-
served, with delight that not an-
other paper had a reporter on the
scene. He looked around for Carle-
ton and some one told him that the
"chap" that had been writing there
for a long time, sitting on an over-
turned small boat, had at last
righted the little craft and set off
for the half submerged ship.

"He hadn't oughter, either," the
man continued. This water ain't
as peaceful as it looks. We had a
hard pull gettin' in the last trip
with the passengers, and the wind is
risin' higher every minute."

It was true that the clouds had
begun to roll again, while the light-
ning threw ever sharper and more
jagged fangs across the sky. The
crew on shore made hasty prepara-
tions to put out. There were still
many people aboard the wreck, a
number of them women and children.
Bud was the first one in the boat.

"Come out of that, youngster,"
said a sailor. "Be quick with you!"
"I'm goin'," cried the boy. "I've
got to see Carleton—I've got to, I
tell you!"

The man lifted him out, sat him,
not ungrudgingly, down on the wet sand
and pushed off the boat. With a
fierce cry the boy was after him,
clinging like a monkey to his side.
The sailor loosened the boy's hands
and he dropped backward into the
water. He scrambled to the shore
and stood choking with impotent
rage, strange oaths pouring from his
lips and his frail hands beating at
the air.

The wind increased in violence.
The thunder was terrific and the
heavens were cut with broad, white
blades. The night grew ever black-
er, but he could see by the flashes
that the lifeboat rolled heavily and
seemed in distress. He sank down
and dug his hands deep into the
sand. All at once a peal of thunder
shook the solid earth; a flash of
lightning leaped down and seemed to
lap up the sea and ships. Bud un-
covered his eyes, and in a moment
his shrill voice was added to the
chorus of agony sent up from among
the flames of the fated steamer.
Lightning had struck her, and the
boy had heard the sailors say that
she carried a consignment of coal oil.

The light was bright enough now,
and the watchers could see a small,
dark object leave her luminous side
and head toward shore. It was the
small boat. Bud screamed in ecstasy
as he saw a man, Carleton, work at
the oars. The time seemed an eter-
nity, and the boat, overcrowded as
it was with women and children,
seemed to make no progress. It
was in danger of swamping. How
long before the explosion must
occur?

The boy threw himself face down-
ward on the beach again and waited.
Presently he lifted his eyes and saw
the man in the boat rise and gently
put back the hands that were ex-
tended toward him, as if in entreaty,
and then with a long leap spring
into the ocean. Bud saw him strike
out with strong, confident strokes,
while the boat, relieved of his
weight, made a leap forward. Then
there was a sudden
darkening of the sky, as the
flames swirled downward, followed by
a long reverberating shock and roar;
a glare that turbed the heavens into
fire, while the waves hissed around
the scene with foam at their lips
stained red. There was a hurrying
back and forth along the shore; the
whirling of long ropes, lasco-like,
over the waters, and, after a while, a

few charred, blackened shapes upon
the beach.
Bud opened the office door at half-
past 2.
"This is a nice time for you to
show up, growled the city editor.
"Where's Carleton? Did you get
that copy?"
Bud approached the table slowly,
fumbling in his coat with trembling
hands.
"I've brought the copy," he said,
his lips drawn and ashen. "It's a
little wet 'cause 'twas in his pocket,
an"—the boy put his hand up to his
throat and sobbed hoarsely—"you
see, he—got drowned."

THE GENERAL DID NOT WIN.

The Waiter Was Grateful, But He
Would Not Change the Coffee.
There is one battle which General
M. M. Trumbull did not win. It was
fought in a Chicago restaurant, not
long ago. He entered the restau-
rant and was very obsequiously
ushered to a seat by an ebony waiter,
who was clearly impressed with the
general's appearance. The darkey's
countenance registered several de-
grees lower when General Trumbull
gave his order:
"Coffee and rolls."
"Yes, sah," was the waiter's dis-
appointed reply. He had looked for
a big order and did not get it.

When he returned with the coffee
the general looked at it a moment in
supreme disgust. The fluid had
slopped down the side of the cup and
half filled the saucer.
"I don't want that coffee. Bring
me some in decent shape," ordered
the general.

"Dat all de kin' o' coffee you gwine
t' git," replied the waiter.
"Look here!" said the general,
sharply. "I fought four years to give
liberty to the like of you, and I'm
carrying three bullets in my body.
Get me some decent coffee."

With this telling stroke the gen-
eral began to unfold his newspaper,
considering the matter settled.

"Yes, sah! You done it! You
done it, sah! But dat's all de coffee
you gwine to git heah!" obdurately
replied the negro.

And the general was obliged to
take his ungrateful medicine in
silence.

In Happy China.

The emperor of China is not con-
tent with the respect shown him by
his subjects, and recently issued the
following peculiar order: "After
bringing our sacrifice recently to
the highest being, we heard upon
our return to the palace, near the
gate leading to the imperial quar-
ters, a rather loud noise caused by
talking. This shows that the peo-
ple have not the proper regard for
the majesty of the ruler, and also
that the officers of the bodyguard
have failed to do their duty properly.
The officers who were on post at the
peculiar gate must be punished,
therefore, by the minister of war.
In the future, however, all officers,
high or low, must see that a noise
so improper shall not occur in our
presence."—N. Y. Tribune.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

There are 187 pounds of salt in a ton
of water from the Dead sea. In the
Atlantic the amount is eighty-one
pounds to every ton.

The Central railroad of New Jersey
has put into service a hospital car,
the first of its kind in the world. It
is stationed at Manahunk.

Paris, in studying the subject of
sewage disposal, proposes to buy
large tracts of land in the valley of
the Seine and establish filtration beds.

The negroes in Atlanta, Ga., are
said to hold property valued at more
than \$1,000,000, all acquired since the
war, and due to their own industry
and frugality.

It is estimated that there are 10,
000,000 bearing and non-bearing
orange trees in Florida. California is
credited with 6,000,000 and Arizona
about 1,000,000.

In a eulogy of the church an Angli-
can clergyman recently described it
as standing "with one foot firmly
planted upon earth, and the other
pointed toward heaven."

The biggest dog ever known was a
St. Bernard named Plinlimmon, shown
at an English dog show in 1865. He
stood thirty-five inches high at the
shoulder and weighed 214 pounds.

A museum now being built at Ley-
den, Netherlands, will be the largest
in the world next to the British mu-
seum. Within its walls space will
be provided for 80,000 stuffed birds.

Red brick are going out of fashion
and a St. Louis gentleman announces
that Philadelphia is responsible for
the new order of things. Buff, gray
and mottled bricks are the kinds now
being ordered.

Health officers find that five germ
diseases—consumption, diphtheria,
typhoid fever, pneumonia and scarlet
fever—are at present very destructive
when neglected, but yield readily to
the means of control now known.

Extract from an official order gov-
erning the Berlin streets: "As soon
as darkness begins every vehicle is
required to show a lighted lamp or
lantern. Legally darkness begins
with the lighting of the city gas
lamps."

One of the amusements of a sum-
mer resort in the mountains of Ver-
mont is gold mining. A little stream
in the region carries down a consid-
erable amount of gold, and it is the
habit of summer visitors to carry shal-
low pans to the stream's bed, fill them
with earth, and patiently go through
the hand washing process of old Cal-
ifornia days. The gold is found along
with magnetic sand at the bottom of
the pan, and visitors display with
pride perhaps ten cents' worth of gold
as the result of half an hour's labor

CENSURE AND PRAISE.

A Kindergarten Tells When and How
They Should be Used.

"When to Censure and When to
Praise" was the subject of the lec-
ture given by Miss Harrison, of the
Chicago Kindergarten college at the
high school lately, says the St. Paul
Pioneer Press. The lecture was pre-
ceded by the answering of several
written questions which had been
handed in to Miss Harrison. The
first, "What is the Value of the
Study of Infant Psychology?" Miss
Harrison replied to this that she
did not perceive any distinction be-
tween infant psychology, and gen-
eral psychology, excepting that
the former was a stage of the
latter. The value of such study is
in enabling the person in charge of
a child to avoid overcrowding and
overstimulating its mind. Another
query was as to the value of fairy
tales in education of children. Miss
Harrison believes that there are
fairy tales and fairy tales, but that
the value of the best of these is
great in developing the imagination
and counteracting the natural ten-
dencies of the age. The remaining
questions were similar to these.

Proceeding to the subject of the
morning Miss Harrison said that
praise and censure embody much of
the clouds and sunshine of life, and
that injustice is one of the cruelest
of mistakes. The first thing to in-
quire is, "why do we praise or con-
demn?" It is not because the child
does or does not live up to our own
ideals?" Then it should be asked
"How can we lead, others to accept
our ideals?" How is the command
"Thou shalt," to be transformed
into "I must?" Here begins the
development into the dependent or
the independent man or woman.
The first thing to do is to be the
thing you would have your child be.
The child is quick to see it when
the parent or teacher falls short.
Conscience has been defined as the
power of "seeing what you are in
the light of what you ought to be."
Praise and censure are the two
great instruments by which con-
science is to be stimulated.

To what instinct should praise and
censure appeal? The love of recog-
nition and approbation is inborn in
every being. The natural effort is
to try to please and live in harmony
with those about us. Rightly de-
veloped this instinct becomes that
proper regard for public opinion by
which all but the lowest or the
highest natures are affected. There
are wrong ways of praising, such as
appealing to vanity and laughing at
clever naughtiness. Praise which
emphasizes the external and tempo-
rary alone is always wrong. Praise
which is partly insincere, such as
mothers sometimes give their chil-
dren before guests, is always wrong.
The right kind of praise is given
quietly, but seriously, for any actual
conquest that the mother knows the
child to have achieved. One mother,
knowing that her little daughter had
won a victory over a bad temper,
planned a little note to the child's pil-
low at night, telling of the happi-
ness it had given her. Another,
whose son had taken the first steps
towards mastering a grave fault,
gave him a picture of Michael An-
gelo's "David" to hang in his bed-
room; telling him it was a milestone
in his life. It is best to particu-
larize in the requirement that is to
be made of a child. Do not say "Be
a good boy this morning," but mention
some special thing to be remembered,
and follow it up. Inquire whether
or not that demand has been met,
and praise or censure accordingly.

A Happy Adaptation.

Talking of Mrs. Carlyle, the late
Lord Bowen thus described her: "An
admirable woman, with perhaps too
great a passion for insecticide." It
was thought a very happy adaptation
of the legal maxim, "Qui facit per
allium facit per se," when he argued
a client's right to a piece of land as
having been proved by the pasturing
of his donkey there for many years.
The judge inquired whether he
claimed the land through his accredit-
ed representative, the donkey.
"My contention is, my lord," said
Bowen, "qui facit per asinum, facit
per se."—Argonaut.

He Was Modest.

Yes, he might come and sit at the
kitchen table and partake of such as
she had to offer.

"But," she added, "you must wash
that dirt off your face first."
The tramp looked puzzled.

"Then," he observed, incredulous-
ly, "you do not want the earth."
The flat-iron knocked three pickets
off the front yard fence, but was
otherwise innocuous.—Detroit Tri-
bune.

Caught It on Both Sides.

James Payn tells, in the illus-
trated London News, of a whist
player being told by an opponent
that he could always tell by his face
when he had a good hand. This he
resented exceedingly, and applied to
his partner for a refutation of it; but
he was only still more irritated by
his form of corroboration. "that he
had never noticed any expression in
his countenance whatever."

Sound to Agree.

Doctor—You have a decided
dyspeptic look. I don't believe there
is anything that agrees with you.
Mrs. Strongmynd—Oh, yes, there is.
Doctor—What?
Mrs. Strongmynd—Why, Strong-
mynd, to be sure! He daren't do
otherwise.—Buffalo Courier.

Where Experience Does Not Teach.

Callos—Women have quite queer
ways, don't you think, Uncle Si?
Uncle Si—I knain't say that I know
much about women. I only been
married four times.—Indianapolis
Journal.

CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City
Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—
Drama, Vaudeville and Operatic En-
gagements.

McVICKERS.
The attendance during the past
week at McVicker's theater, consider-
ing the turbulent times, has been re-
markably good. It is to be regretted
that Manager McVicker should have
launched at such a time so artistic and
expensive an organization as the
dramatic company now presenting
"An American Heiress" at his theater.
Had "An American Heiress" been pro-
duced a few weeks later, with the
same company, McVicker's theater
would not have been large enough to
accommodate the crowds. Then,
again, the way the play has been pro-
duced, there has not been a single de-
tailed left undone. The scenery is beau-
tiful and the properties could not be
more handsome or in good taste. Mr.
Wilton Lackaye continues in his ad-
mirable presentation of the Count
Dardonyi; Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Orrin
Johnson, William E. Wilson, James O.
Barrows, Louis R. Gressel all do ex-
cellent work. Among the ladies of
the company who deserve considerable
credit may be mentioned Miss Eleanor
Carey, Miss Lillian Lawrence, Miss
Floylott Paget, Miss Jenny Eustice,
Miss Gladys Wallis, and Miss Anne
O'Neill. On Monday evening, July
23, this same admirable dramatic or-
ganization, strengthened by Mr.
Maurice Barrymore, Mr. Geo. Nash,
Mr. E. M. Holland and W. C. Coudcock,
will produce for the first time on any
stage Augustus Thomas' new comedy
entitled "New Blood." This play was
contracted for by Mr. Joseph Brooks
over two years ago, when arrange-
ments were first made with Mr. Mc-
Vicker for this stock season, and
written with a view to suit the actors
now composing the dramatic com-
pany. It was completed something
like a year ago, and accepted by
Messrs. Brooks and McVicker at that
time. "New Blood" will be put on in
the same elaborate style as "An
American Heiress" was. The scenes
will all be new and were painted
especially by Walter Burridge from
models of his own designs approved
by Mr. Thomas.

TRIVIAL TALKS.

Stiggins—Does your wife like pets?
Stiggins—I think she does. She's
often in one.

He—Her heart is as hard as glass.
I can't make any impression on it.
She—Have you tried a diamond?

The New Parlor Maid—Miss Alice
says she's not at home, sir. He—Oh—
er—really! Then tell her I didn't
call.

Uncle—Is your little dog intelli-
gent? Small Nephew—Well, he hasn't
got so very much sense in his head,
but his tail seems to know a lot.

Daughter—Papa went off in great
good humor this morning. Mother—
My goodness! That reminds me. I
forgot to ask him for any money.

Wife—How people gaze at my new
dress! I presume they wonder if I've
been shopping in Paris. Husband—
More likely they wonder if I've been
robbing a bank.

She—If every atom of the human
body is renewed every seven years; I
cannot be the same woman that you
married. Husband—I've been sus-
pecting that for some time.

"But do you understand music well
enough to report this concert in a
way that will interest persons that
care for such things?" Reporter—
Well, I think I can. I've read nothing
but fashion notes for a week.

Visitor—And how did my little pet
like the theater? Little Girl—Not
very much. The actors didn't act as
if they were just actin'; they acted as
if it was all so—an' that made me un-
comfortable. "Why?" "I felt just as
if I was peekin' through a keyhole
into somebody else's house."

Inventor—Now I've struck it. I
have invented a new life-saving con-
trivance for trolley cars. Look at the
drawings. Friend—Too complicated.
Sure to be expensive. No road will
buy it. Inventor—They won't, eh?
Just wait. They will actually tumble
over each other in their haste to
adopt it. My machine raises the vic-
tim from the track and pitches him
over the dashboard into the car,
where the conductor can collect his
fare.

The Lash for a Mean Fellow.

In Geneva, Ala., close to the Florida
line, Ed Cowart and Miss Lizzie Lun-
wood were to have wedded. All ar-
rangements were made, the preacher
and the guests had arrived, the wed-
ding supper was spread, but the
bridegroom was missing. A delega-
tion was sent after him, but he de-
clined to come, saying he had changed
his mind. The assembled gentlemen
provided themselves with masks,
again called upon the bridegroom,
carried him into the woods, buckled
him across a log, and lashed him un-
mercifully, the blood being made to
flow from his back.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE, Fire-Proof.

COR. WASHINGTON AND STATE STREETS.
MR. DAVID HENDERSON, Sole Manager.

5th
EXTRAVAGANZA
SEASON! Thursday, **JUNE 7**
And Every Evening Thereafter. MATINEES, Wednesday and Saturday.

AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY

In a New and Original Operatic Extravaganza, in 4 acts and 10 scenes, by MR. J. CHEEVER GOODWIN,
Author of "The Merry Monarch," "Wang," "The Oolah," "Panjantrum," "Evangelina," etc.,
with Music composed and arranged by MR. W. H. BATCHELOR, entitled

ALADDIN, JR.
A TALE OF A WONDERFUL LAMP.

Originated and Designed by - - MR. DAVID HENDERSON.

PRODUCTION
COSTING
\$85,000.

400
PERSONS.

Scenery by MR. FRED. DANGERFIELD and Staff; Ballet designed
by SIG. CARLO COFFE and directed by SIG. FILIBERTO
MARCHETTI; Ballet Music by M. CHAS. JACOBI; Costumes
designed by MR. HOWELL RUSSELL, London, and man-
ufactured by M. CHARLES ALIAS, London, and MISS A. BARCLAY,
and wardrobe department: Chicago Opera House; Properties by
M. GANETT and M. SEUBS, Paris, and MR. A. J. GODDARD,
Chicago Opera House; Mechanical Contrivances by MR. G. W.
GOODRICH, Chicago Opera House; Electrical Effects by MR.
MARTIN KRUEGER, Chicago Opera House.

Produced under the Direction of - - MR. RICHARD BARKER.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

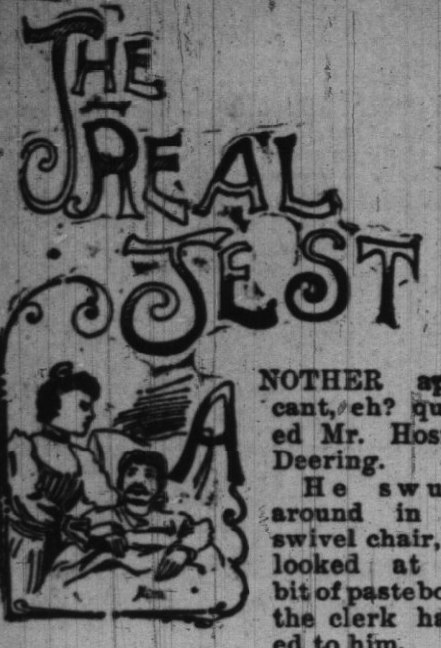
ACT I.—EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL BATHS, PEKIN. HORN OF THE FEAST
OF LANTERNS.

ACT II.—Scene 1. ECHO GLEN BY NIGHT. EXTERIOR OF THE CAVE OF
THE LAMP. Scene 2.—INTERIOR OF CAVE. Scene 3.—BUBBLE
FALL IN GOLDEN GLADE AND RESORT OF SILVER STORMS.
GRAND AMBER PALACE OF CELESTIAL FESTIVITIES.

ACT III.—Scene 1.—INTERIOR OF WIDOW BOHEA'S LAUNDRY, PEKIN.
Scene 2.—GARDENS OF IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN. FLIGHT
OF AERIAL PALACE.

ACT IV.—Scene 1.—EGYPT. ABANAZAR'S PALACE OF EBONY AND GOLD.
GRAND BARBICAN PROCESSION. Scene 2.—GREAT WALLS OF
CHINA. HOME AGAIN. Scene 3.—GRAND TRANSFORMATION,
"THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP."

PRICES (NIGHTS, 25c. to \$1.50) General
(MATINEES, 25c. to \$1.00) Admission 50c.



"No, no," he replied kindly, but ob-
tusely: "Not at all. You shall be no
hindrance to our conversation, I assure
you."
He had quite failed to suspect that
it was on her own account she wished
to retire. She was about to speak
again, when the door opened.
Too late! Well, he had met her so
seldom he might not recognize her. She
turned hurriedly to her work. She
bent over it, resolutely keeping her
back to the two men.
"A wfully glad to see you, Brandt!"
exclaimed Benjamin Deering.
"You look well!" laughed the other,
cordially.
The men shook hands heartily, and
launched into a conversation so purely
personal that it evidenced warm in-
timacy. Neither paid any attention to
the stooped, busy little creature in
the corner.
Suddenly a thrill ran through her,
and the fingers holding the pencil
tightened fiercely. The new comer
had spoken a name familiar to her.
"Dudley Parkham—yes, I don't
think you knew him. Queer, too, see-
ing you both were such close friends
of mine. A capital fellow, Dudley.
One of those keen, quiet, cultured, de-
lightful men who have ideas a little
loftier than the rest of us. He did
not fall in love with every pretty
face he came across, as I always did.
He used to say the woman he married
should be better, and nobler, and
sweeter than all other women. Finally
he met her. He married her. It was
after that—a year after that,
that there came the tragedy."
"The tragedy?"
Well, that may be too intense a
word to use. At all events, the de-
licious domestic life of which he had
dreamed, and which was just then be-
ing fully realized, was all at once
broken up. His wife had left him. He
would not sell out his pretty home,
built and furnished for the woman he
loved. So he put a care-taker in charge
of the house. He had some reason to
suppose that his wife had gone out to
Iowa, where she had relatives. He
began a search for her. She had
friends in San Francisco and New
York. He has searched both cities,
but has done it all as quietly as pos-
sible, so strongly did he dread notori-
ety. His search was all in vain.
"Why did his wife leave him?"
"Oh, they had a quarrel—the most
absurd and childish thing imaginable.
She went to the matinee with a
woman of whom he disapproved. She
resented his advice in the matter, and
declared she would choose her own
friends, and that, perhaps, as they
could not agree on such a simple mat-
ter, they could not agree at all, and
had better part. One word led to
another and—"
"It ended as you have told me."
"It isn't ended yet, Deering. That
is why I'm here, telling you all this
rigamarole about my friend. His
long endeavor, anxiety, failure, men-
tal distress, have brought on a heavy
and probably fatal sickness. He lies
at his own home—such a desolate
home, Deering!—sick unto death.
There is no one to wait on him save
that stupid old care-taker. Where
can I find the nurse you had when
you were so ill a year and a half ago?
You said she was efficient. I would
like to engage her for poor Dudley."
Benjamin Deering looked troubled.
"I cannot tell you just where to
find her. I'm going home in half an
hour, however, and I'll have my wife
send her word. She will be sure to
know. Leave me the address, will
you?"
Hardly had the door closed behind
Brandt Andrews when Mrs. Glover
sprang to her feet, darted across the
room, and confronted astonished Mr.
Deering, white-faced and tearful-
eyed.
"You must get some one to take my
place—soon, now! Never mind that
other nurse. I must go to tend Dud-
ley Parkham. Please—please, let me
go as soon as you can!"
Hosmer Deering had just entered.
The cousins regarded her in amaze-
ment.
"Oh, you don't understand!" she
cried. "I am his wife, I must go to
him!"
Hosmer Deering had not heard a
word of the story that was told to
Benjamin Deering, but her sorrow,
her tears, her piteous entreaty were
quite enough for him.
"Go, of course, my dear," he said.
"We're not rushed with work at pre-
sent. We'll hold your place two weeks
for you. Let us hear from you."
"Oh, how good you are," the sweet,
quivering lips managed to say. The
next minute she donned her hat and
coat, ran down the stairs, not being
willing to wait for the elevator, and
took a car which would bring her
near her forsaken home. Everything
therein was exactly as she had left it.
Cleanliness and order there were
throughout the room, but nowhere
warmth, or fragrance, or the indes-
cribable coziness which pervades an
ideal home. Its loneliness was un-
utterably pathetic.
When Dudley Parkham's familiar
friend, Brandt Andrews, let himself
in with a latch key, an hour later, he
paused in the hall, feeling oddly
puzzled.
"I smell lilacs," he said. "Who's
been bringing lilacs here? And a fire
in the grate—cheerful that, to be
sure! And that voice like velvet—it
never is old Mrs. Collumden's!"
When he went into the sick room a
slim little figure rose from beside the
bed, and came forward to meet him.
"He is delicious. He does not know
me. Of course you remember me, Mr.
Andrews?"
"You are Dudley's wife, I believe?"
"Yes."
The following day she sent a note
of resignation to the firm of Deering
& Deering. But she did not go down
town until after the fever had broken
up on the twenty-first day.
That night she was sitting beside

her husband, as she had act, taking
but brief time for rest, through many
weary nights and days. Suddenly she
glanced around with an expression of
intelligence. She drew back. The
invalid fixed his eyes on his friend,
who looked eagerly down upon him.
"Do you know, Brandt, I've been
having the queerest hallucinations. I
thought that Vera was here, waiting
on me, nursing me, I, very weakly,
"have been so happy that I hardly
care to face the wretched reality of
my life again."
Andrews signaled the nervous little
wife to be silent. Their patient could
bear no shock just yet, not even one
of joy.
But, a few days later, Vera smiled
down on him when he awoke.
"It was not a dream, darling," she
whispered. "I have been here all the
time."
"Love," he murmured, "can you
forgive my tyranny?"
"Hush!" she said, and kissed him.
"I was so unreasonable!"
When one day Mrs. Parkman, rosy,
prettier than ever, stylishly attired,
and most childishly happy, ran in to
pay her former employers a brief, ex-
planatory visit, the senior member of
the firm nodded repeatedly and
beamed at her over his glasses.
"We miss you—oh, no doubt of that!
But if you and your husband are back
in Arcadia—well, well—it is for the
best—precisely!"
TELLTALE HEELS.
The Characteristics of a Man as Shown
by His Footwear.
There is a new word to be added
to the language, a new topic to gen-
eral conversation and a new science
to the accomplishment of the empiric
professor. The word is scarpology.
The scarpologist is not exactly a
cheiromancer. He deals with your
other extremity and tells of your
character, not by the hand, but your
foot, or rather your boot. Give him
a boot or shoe you have worn for
three months or more, and you are
opening up to him all your secret
springs of action, your motives, your
conduct, your life. It is a doctor in
Bale who has founded the new philo-
sophy and announces himself as the
original scarpologist. He has, of
course, to give a few indications to
support his claim to his proud posi-
tion. A man does not become a pro-
fessor by merely inventing a word.
So here are the indications, says
the Westminster Review. If you
wear heel and sole even, you are an
energetic man, full of action and re-
source; and if that boot belongs to a
woman, the owner is faithful, affec-
tionate, and possessed of the domestic
virtues. If you wear the sole of
your boot on the outside—which
most people do—you are an enthusi-
ast, and very likely to become an ad-
venturer. This is not pleasant philo-
sophy, and what makes it worse is
that the boot tells the same story
for both sexes. But it is when the
wear is on the inside that the re-
sults are the strangest. If you are
a man, you are a feeble, irresolute,
vacillating creature; if you are a
woman, you are attractive, gentle
and modest. Now, this too, is odd
philosophy. For knock-kneed peo-
ple generally wear their boots on the
inside. A knock-kneed man may be
feeble and irresolute; but why should
a knock-kneed old maid be attrac-
tive, gentle and modest?
Not the Old Racket.
The susceptible young man had
asked the girl to be his wife.
"I am very sorry," she said,
"very, very sorry; but it can never
be. I can be a sis—"
His face grew hard.
"Let us on that, will you, please?"
he growled. "It's bad enough for a
fellow to be rejected, without having
that sister racket fired at him."
"I beg pardon," she smiled coldly.
"I had not intended anything of the
sort. What I was about to say was
that I would be a sister-in-law, to
you. For further particulars consult
your good-looking brother. Good
morning."
Diplomatic Reticence.
The social reformer was paying a
visit to the convicts in the peniten-
tiary and asking them various ques-
tions.
"And what are you, doing here my
friend?" he said to a good looking
man in the shoe shop.
"Making shoes," was the reply
that discouraged any further in-
quisition in that direction.
A Newfoundland Dog Nurse.
Mrs. Jennie P. Lane, of Smethport,
Pa., has a big Newfoundland dog
which is a first-class substitute for a
nurse. It takes the baby riding in
the carriage every day. The dog
holds the handle with its teeth and
wheels the coach as carefully as the
infant's mother could.
Capital and Labor.
"Yes, sir," said a pompous New
York manufacturer. "I consider my-
self a benefactor of the human race.
I feed 200 people in my factory."
"You do!" replied a bystander.
"Goodness!" and all the time I was
under the impression that they fed
you."—Texas Sitings.
Both Boys.
Teacher—Now, Willie, suppose
you were to hand a playmate your
last apple to take a portion of—
wouldn't you tell him to take the
larger piece? Willie—No, mum!
"You wouldn't? Why?" "Cos,
'twouldn't be necessary.—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.
Consolation.
Mr. Slimmy—I don't like that Miss
Biter; she said I was a perfect idiot,
don't you know.
Mr. Bumme—She didn't mean it,
of course, Slimmy; anybody knows
that nothing human is perfect.

HE PULLED HIS WORDS.
Row Mark Twain "Learnt the River"
Under Captain Bixby.
When the last of the old Missis-
sippi racing boats, the City of
Natchez, burned to the water's edge
in Memphis two or three years ago,
it took out of commission one of the
best known characters on the river:
Captain Horace Bixby, the "Mr. B."
of Mark Twain's "Life on the Mis-
sissippi."
Captain Bixby, if you happened to
strike his rugged fancy, was only too
ready to tell stories of "old days on
the river," and he told them with a
freshness and simplicity—and a
swift tapering to the point, that
were as good as anything his famous
friend has accomplished, says Mun-
sey's Magazine.
He tells of the first appearance of
young Clemens. He says that one
day there appeared on the deck
of the boat he was running a very
tall, stoop-shouldered young man,
with bushy hair crowded down upon
his neck by a big slouch hat. His
"roundabout" left about four inches
of his shirt visible above the band
of his buttoned trousers, and there
was an equal place of bare skin be-
tween his shoe top and his trousers'
legs. His face was cadaverous, and
his hands were rammed to the bot-
tom of his pockets.
"I'm a print-or-by-tr-a-a-do," he
drawled out, "and it ain't very h-eal-
-thy. I thought I'd l-i-l-ke to
l-e-a-r-n the river."
"What makes you pull your words
like that," said the impatient cap-
tain.
"You ought to hear my ma-r-m,"
said the imperturbable Mark. She
pulls her-r-n wors'n I pu-ll mi-n-e!"
Captain Bixby kept him, and
"lart him the river," how to be a
pilot, and how to find the shifting
depths of the great stream. He
taught him many of the stories "by
Mark Twain," and the friendship
still continues. Until the old Natchez
burned, Mr. Clemens, with a chosen
friend, went every year to take the
round trip from St. Louis to New
Orleans, with "Mr. B." Sometimes
the friend was Mr. Osgood or some
other Boston man, sometimes a
Western acquaintance.
The captain's room, that glass
domain on the roof, held on its table
photographs of all the Clemens
children at different ages. In the
drawer were letters—gay and affec-
tionate, from "Sam." There was one
striking peculiarity about these.
They were as near written talk as
letters could be, and when it became
necessary, in the course of human
events, to use strong language, it
went down in good spelling, in hon-
est black and white. There were no
subterfuges of blanks and dashes.
THE MOTORMAN'S LOT.
His Job Looks Easy Enough, But It Is
Not All "Cakes and Ale."
To one who has never tried it
nothing seems simpler than running
an electric car. There are a good
many simpler things, however, and
as a matter of fact some men who
want jobs as motormen on the street
railway have to give up because they
cannot learn to handle the car. In
the first place, considerable strength
is required to manipulate the brake
properly, and in the next place there
is a peculiar motion turning the
brake handle one way and the crank
for shutting off the power the other
way at the same time that is not easy
to learn. The local railroad has no
regular school for training men who
aspire to run electric cars, but they
have a regular system of teaching
the recruits the business, and every
new man has to go through a certain
line of training before he is allowed
to take charge of a car.
When a man applies for a position
as motorman he is placed on the
waiting list, says the Boston Tran-
script, and when the company be-
gins to get a little short of men and
his turn comes round he is sent for
and put on a car with one of the ex-
perienced men. For about two days
he stands on the front platform of
the car and watches the driver
manipulate the brake and turn the
current on and off. After he has
learned this and become familiar
with all the curves and switches he
is allowed to try his hand at run-
ning the car. The first thing he
does after the car starts is to get
nervous and wonder how long it will
take him to bring it to a standstill
after a passenger has signaled that
he wants to get off. He begins to
sweat, and before a car has gone
half a mile he is played out and is
glad to give up to his teacher. This
goes on for about a day, or until the
new man gets a little confidence,
and then he gradually learns the
trick of stopping the car so quickly
that it will bring the passengers to
their feet.
In addition to this, he is obliged
to gain a sufficient knowledge of the
construction of the motor to be able
to repair slight breaks and put in
burned-out fuses. It is usually
about two weeks before he is com-
petent to take charge of a car alone,
and even then he can learn some-
thing more about running one every
day.
Between the Baltic and Black Seas.
A scheme for a ship canal connect-
ing the Baltic and the Black seas,
from Kherson to Riga, is being con-
sidered by the Russian ministry of
ways and communications. The
canal is estimated to cost thirty
million roubles. The construction
of the proposed Caucasus railway
has been postponed for two years.
A Children's Church.
An interesting experiment is being
tried by a minister in London—the
establishment of a church for chil-
dren. It is a unique effort to meet
the "leakage" between the Sunday
school and the church.

Birmingham heads the list now on
the output of English cycles, sending
out this season 69,000 against Cov-
entry's 64,600.
An English wheel club glories in
the peculiar name of "The Five Horse
Shoes."
AN ORDINANCE RELATING TO
THE KEEPING OF DOGS.
Be it ordained by the president and board
of trustees of the village of Park Ridge, Cook
county, Ill.
SECTION 1. If any owner or possessor of a
ferocious or dangerous dog or slut shall permit
the same to run or be at large at any time,
within the limits of the village of Park Ridge,
to the danger or annoyance of any of the in-
habitants, such owner or possessor shall forfeit
and pay a sum of not less than five dollars
for each offense; and upon a second conviction
of such owner or possessor for such offense,
the said dog or slut shall be killed and buried.
SEC. 2. Any person who shall harbor, or
suffer or permit any dog or slut to be and re-
main at or about his house, stable, store, or
other premises in said village, shall be held to
be the owner of the same and subject to the
penalties contained in this ordinance.
SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the police, and
of such persons as the president may design-
ate, to see that all dogs and sluts, as provided in
this ordinance, are kept under the control of
the owner or possessor of the same, and to enforce
the provisions of the foregoing sections of this
ordinance.
SEC. 4. Whenever it shall be made to appear
to the president that there are good reasons
for believing that all dogs should be muzzled
within the corporate limits of said village, it
shall be the duty of said president to issue a
proclamation requiring that all dogs shall, for
a period to be stated in the proclamation, wear
a good and substantial wire gauze or leather
muzzle, securely put on, so as to prevent them
from biting; and any dog, going or being at
large, during the period defined in such
proclamation, without such muzzle, shall be
killed and buried, or the carcass otherwise
disposed of. It shall be the duty of the police,
and of such other persons as the president
may designate, to enforce the provisions of
this section and of such proclamation; and the
use of fire-arms by such officer or persons in
so doing shall not subject them to the penalties
of any ordinance relative to the discharge of
fire-arms.
SEC. 5. On complaint being made to the
president of any dog within the village which
shall, by barking, biting, howling, or in any
other way or manner disturb the quiet of any
person or persons whatsoever, the president,
on being satisfied of the truth of such com-
plaint, shall direct a police officer to give no-
tice thereof to the person or persons keeping
or permitting such dog to remain in or on his
or her premises, and in case such person or
persons shall, for the space of one day after
such notice, neglect to cause such dog to be
destroyed or removed, so as to prevent the
disturbance, he shall forfeit and pay a sum
not less than \$5 for every day which shall elapse
until such dog be removed or destroyed as
aforesaid.
SEC. 6. That for the purposes of this ordi-
nance the word "dog" shall be construed to
include animals, both male and female, of
every kind, age and description of the canine
species whatsoever.
SEC. 7. That every owner, possessor or per-
son who harbors or keeps any dog within the
limits of the village of Park Ridge, shall on or
before the first day of August in each year pay
to the village clerk of the village of Park
Ridge, for the use of said village, the sum of \$1
for every male dog and the sum of \$2 for every
female dog, and cause such dog to be registered
in the office of said village clerk in a book to
be kept for that purpose, and also obtain from
said clerk the metal tag hereinafter men-
tioned.
SEC. 8. The village clerk shall provide each
and every such number of metal tag, as
may be necessary, of such size and shape as
he shall deem expedient (the shape to be changed
each year), having stamped thereon numbers
indicating the year for which the tax is paid
and the letters "P. R. D. T." and it shall be
the duty of the village clerk to deliver one
of such metal tags to the owner of each dog
paying a tax upon any such dog, for which tax he
is registering such dog there shall be paid to the
village clerk, for the use of said village, the
sum of twenty-five cents.
SEC. 9. Every dog so licensed shall have a
collar around his neck with the metal tag
aforesaid securely fastened to it.
SEC. 10. It shall be the duty of the chief of
police, his assistants, and of all policemen and
pound masters in the village of Park Ridge
to take up and impound in any village pound
which is authorized to be impounded, if no
other place shall have been designated by
the board of trustees, any dog found in the
village of Park Ridge not having a collar around
its neck with the metal tag aforesaid attached
thereto; and if such dog shall not be redem-
ed as hereinafter provided, within four days after
such dog shall have been impounded, it shall be
the duty of the pound master of the said pound
wherein such dog is impounded to slay or cause
the same to be slain.
SEC. 11. Every pound master or other person
designated by the president and board of trust-
ees to enforce the provisions of this ordi-
nance is hereby authorized to collect a fee of
\$2 as aforesaid for every dog that may be im-
pounded, and 20 cents per day for every
day said dog shall be impounded, and he shall
keep a register of such dogs and shall account
received under this ordinance at the
end of each and every week, retaining
therefrom for his fee the sum of 50 cents for
each dog so impounded, and he shall receive no
further or other compensation.
SEC. 12. Any person or persons who shall
violate or fail, neglect or refuse to comply with
any of the foregoing provisions of this ordi-
nance, where no other penalty is prescribed,
shall on conviction be fined in a sum not less
than \$5 or more than \$25 for each and every
offense.
SEC. 13. The provisions of this ordinance shall
not apply to dogs of non-residents remaining
temporarily or passing through this village.
SEC. 14. This ordinance shall take effect from
and after its passage and publication.
All ordinances or parts of ordinances or
resolutions in conflict herewith are hereby re-
pealed.
Passed July 17, 1894.
Approved July 18, 1894.
Published July 23, 1894.
O. D. S. GALLUP
President board of trustees.
Attest: JOSEPH LALONE, village clerk.

taxed by a special taxation of the property
fronting such sidewalk according to law in
such cases made and provided.
SEC. 6. The village collector is hereby desig-
nated the officer to collect the special tax herein
provided and to whom warrant for the same
shall be directed.
SEC. 7. The village clerk shall comply with
the provision of the act to provide additional
means for the construction of sidewalks, cities,
towns and villages, in force July 1, 1885, and if
any lands or lots is delinquent after return of
warrant by said village collector, or then said
village clerk shall make a report of such delin-
quent special tax in writing to the county
treasurer, ex-officio collector, prior to March
31, A. D. 1895, as requested by this act.
Passed this 3d day of July, A. D. 1894.
Approved this 3d day of July, A. D. 1894.
Published this 13th day of July, A. D. 1894.
THOMAS KEATES,
President of Board of Trustees of the Village
of DesPlaines.
Attest:
E. C. SCHAEFFER, Village Clerk.

SIDEWALK ORDINANCE
Be it ordained by the president and board of
trustees of the village of DesPlaines.
SECTION 1. That a sidewalk be constructed
a 14 laid in the village of DesPlaines, upon and
along east side of Pearson street, to the follow-
ing: Commencing at Kinder's lot to Thacker street;
from the corner of Pearson and Thacker street
north side of Thacker street to Mrs. Koehler's
lot; also on west side of Pearson street from
Meyers' corner to Behrens, and on east side
of Pearson street from Wickes' to Kinder's.
SEC. 2. Said sidewalk shall be built of even
grade and shall be not less than five and one-
third feet in width; the planking thereof shall
be two inches in thickness, laid crosswise and
cut to a line on both edges; the plank shall not
be less than six inches, nor more than eight
inches in width.
SEC. 3. Said sidewalk shall be built of new,
sound and merchantable lumber, and laid on
three stringers not less than 2x8 inches, well
blocked and at least four inches from the
ground, and securely spiked thereto. The
joints of each stringer shall be fastened by a
piece of inch board and securely nailed on the
inside thereof; said stringers shall be laid two
and one-half feet apart.
SEC. 4. That the owner or owners of the
aforesaid described property are hereby ordered
to lay a new sidewalk in front of their property
as aforesaid within thirty (30) days after the
publication of this ordinance.
SEC. 5. That so much of said sidewalk as
shall not be built by the property owner or
owners within the time aforesaid shall be
taxed by a special taxation of the property
fronting such sidewalk, according to law in
such cases made and provided.
SEC. 6. The village collector is hereby desig-
nated the officer to collect the special tax
herein provided, and to whom warrant for the
same shall be directed.
SEC. 7. The village clerk shall comply with
the provision of the act to provide additional
means for the construction of sidewalks in
cities, towns and villages, in force July 1, 1885,
and if any lands or lots is delinquent after re-
turn of warrant by said village collector, then
said village clerk shall make a report of such delin-
quent special tax in writing to the county
treasurer, ex-officio collector, prior to March
31, A. D. 1894, as requested by this act.
Passed this 9th day of July, 1894.
Approved this 13th day of July, 1894.
Published this 9th day of July, 1894.
THOMAS KEATES,
President board of trustees of the village of
DesPlaines.
Attest: E. C. SCHAEFFER, village clerk.

Estate of Lorenzo D. Fay, Deceased.
All persons having claims against the estate
of Lorenzo D. Fay, deceased, are hereby notified
and requested to attend and present such
claims to the Probate court of Cook county,
Ill., for the purpose of having the same ad-
justed at a term of said court, to be held at the
Probate court room, in the city of Chicago, in
said Cook county, on the 13th day of August,
A. D. 1894, being the 27th day thereof,
at 10 o'clock, A. M.
MILAN REYNOLDS,
Administrator with will annexed.

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"IT WAS NOT A DREAM, DARLING."
capable and retiring. Summer
merged in fall, fall in winter, winter
melted into spring, and still she came,
and was gentle and uncomplaining,
under any pressure of work, and in
every kind of weather. The members
and subordinates of the firm of Deering
& Deering fully appreciated her
admirable qualities, but none of them
knew more of her real life and history
when she had been there almost a year,
than they had known when she came.
Indeed, so much confidence had the
firm in her discretion that they
spoke quite freely in her presence of
cases they would have concealed from
an ordinary employee. And so it
happened that one day, the boy
brought into the private room of
Deering & Deering the name of a man
who waited without.
"Admit him!" commanded Benjamin
Deering, who was the extreme
physical opposite of his cousin Hos-
mer, being small, slender, pale, and
emaciated.
Mrs. Glover, heard the name of the
visitor, and, visibly agitated, arose.
"You will pardon me, Mr. Deering,
if I take my work into the next room?"

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE.

STORIES TOLD OF SOME PETS OF THE UNION ARMY.

Dogs and Eagles That Played a Part in Camp and Field—The German Who Could Be "Seesh Shust Like Ter Tivel"—One Thing Left to Do.

The Scar of Lexington.
The following poem written many years ago by Miss H. F. Gould of Newburyport, refers to her father, Captain Benjamin Gould, and his little grandson, now Dr. Benjamin A. Gould, the astronomer.

With chemo smile, the prattling boy
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his tender finger twines
Those scattered locks, that with the flight
Of four-score years are snowy white;
And as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, "Gran'pa, what wounded you?"

"My child, 'tis five and fifty years
This very day, this very hour,
Since from a scene of blood and tears
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun,
Behind the hills of Lexington:
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay, for freedom slain.

And ere that fight, the first that spoke
In thunder to our land was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore.
'Tis since that dread and wild array,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unbought product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil:
And while the fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

Pets of the War.

Next to the horse, the dog is the best tried of man's dumb comrades and in war he takes about the same place relatively that he has at home. He appeals to sympathy and gives sympathy in return; acting almost humanly where his own interest or that of his friends is concerned. In the Virginia campaigns of 1861 and 1862 a canine waif named Budge attached himself to the regiment in which I served, the Twenty-seventh New York, in the following manner: At the first Bull Run he lost his left foreleg while chasing shells and cannon-balls as they struck the earth. He was at the time a familiar visitor in the camp and after the troops arrived at Alexandria he hobbled into the lines and the stub was amputated and dressed by our surgeon, Major Norman S. Barnes. Budge recovered and returned to his home in another New York camp. In subsequent marches he kept up his acquaintance with the men of the Twenty-seventh and we knew his history to the end. At Antietam, when the Union line advanced over the cornfield with its acres of dead and wounded, Budge was found, lifeless, and nestled close to a wounded soldier of the brigade the poor dog had clung to for over a year. The soldier had often fed Budge and they were good friends. They entered the cornfield together and when his chum fell the dog remained by him. During a charge of the Confederates Budge stood up and showed fight as only a dog could, and receiving a mortal bullet wound ran to the side of his helpless comrade and died under his caresses.

Another Yankee dog bore the soldierly name of Major. He was a true "Yank" and marched with the Tenth Maine. Major found a battle great sport, and would chase the large missiles rolling along as though they were rubber balls or stones. If one bored its way into the earth he would dig for it with all his might until another one struck near him, then he would leave the first pit and dig after the latest comer. Major was captured at Winchester, but his comrades did not share the misfortune, so he ran away and got back into the regiment. He was killed at Sabine's Cross Roads, La., in front of the line of battle, and his memory is cherished in the annals of the Tenth Maine along with that of the heroic men whose trials he shared.

I should state that these dog stories illustrate, in a way, the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. (Strictly no pun intended.) I write only of the successful dog warriors; not of the failures. For instance, a contraband had carried two pups into the camp of the Forty-eighth New York at Hilton Head, S. C., in 1862, and sold them at a quarter each. One of them drank up the first day a can of condensed milk, then worth in South Carolina an even \$1. He was sent adrift at once; drummed out of camp in disgrace, as it were, and his name does not appear in the war annals. The other pup was a sensible fellow. He behaved himself, was adopted by company D and named Jeff. The name, given perhaps as a joke, he made honorable by two years' service, and died a regimental hero. He was in numerous battles, and at Cold Harbor he hunted out and treed a Confederate sharpshooter who from hidden cover was picking off many of the Forty-eighth's men. When the sharpshooter saw that the dog's barking and gestures were likely to betray him and draw fire, he shot poor Jeff dead in self-defense.

Of the Eighth Wisconsin historic war eagle, "Old Abe," many have heard stories more or less faithful and credible, but few, excepting the veterans who were his companions, are aware of the importance of his services and the sterling soldier qualities brought into play in their fulfillment. The war eagle was not a chance pet taken up as a "fad" by the Wisconsin boys. Although the idea

originated in a joke, it was adopted in seriousness and carried out with dignity. "Old Abe" was captured when young, on the Flambeau river by a Chippewa Indian named Chief Sky, son of Thunder of Bees, chief of the Flambeau Chippewas. He was bought by a white man for one bushel of corn and presented to a company of volunteers, at Eau Claire, which later joined the Eighth regiment. After the regiment was organized the eagle was formally adopted for a war symbol something like the eagles of the Roman legions and of Napoleon's regiments. He was named "Old Abe" in honor of the president; the Eau Claire company, was christened the "Eau Claire Eagles," and the Eighth took the name, "Eagle regiment."

As "Old Abe" was chosen to typify in good faith the American eagle going forth to war, it was proper that he have a place beside the regimental banners and a perch was constructed at state expense, like other battle standards. The perch was in the form of a shield with a cross bar for a rest. It was attached to a staff and carried by a soldier the same as a battle flag, and never left the side of the colors. At the sound of the bugle the eagle would start, dart up its head, and then droop it gracefully. He seemed to understand orders and movements, and at the command attention his demeanor was quick and grave. When the lines formed for battle he was anxious and uneasy, but during action his wings were never still and his mouth stood wide open. In moments of great excitement he would scream either in anger or exultation. At the battle of Farmington the regiment to a man went down flat on the earth to dodge showers of canister. "Old Abe" at once hopped from his perch, and although told to remain on it, refused to go back. When he was finally placed on the ground, he flattened himself out just like the men, and the moment they arose he sprang to his perch. He served the full term of the regiment, and his brave military bearing pleased and animated the soldiers far more than a battle.—George L. Kilmer in the Denver Republican.

"Seesh Shust Like Ter Tivel."
Even the hospitals, where the sickness and death abounded, were not infrequently the scene of plesantry for the soldier was very sick indeed if unable to enjoy a story or tell one. In the hospitals at Nashville, Tenn., were at one time a large number of both Federal and Confederate convalescents. The ladies of Nashville and vicinity would frequently visit the sick soldiers and take them various luxuries and delicacies. The women of Confederate sympathies would favor the Southern soldiers, and very seldom bestowed any favors upon the Yankees.

In one of the wards was a German soldier, who was approached by one of these strong "seesh" ladies, and asked if he was a Union man. "I sh dot," he replied, as his eyes roamed over the basket of luxuries she carried. "That is all I wanted to know," replied the lady, as she ordered the dandy to carry the basket to the other side of the room, where the Confederates were.

On being asked the regulation question, one replied, emphatically: "Not by a blanked sight." Thereupon the lady uncovered the basket and laid out an excellent repast of bottled wines, mince pies, pound cake and other delicacies, which were greedily devoured by the Southerners in the presence of the Union men, who naturally felt justly indignant.

On the following morning, however, another lady made her appearance, armed with a large covered basket, who also accosted our German friend, desiring to know if he was a Union soldier. "I sh, my Gott. I no care vat you got, I vas Union!"

The lady set the basket down on the table, and our German friend thought the truth had availed in this case if it did not in the other. But imagine the length of the poor fellow's countenance, when, uncovering the basket, the lady drew out and presented about a bushel of tracts. He shook his head dolefully and said: "I no read English. Nuddings small about me anyway. You gif'em all to dot veller ofer yonder," pointing out a Confederate soldier.

Not long after came another elegantly dressed lady who propounded the same question. The Teuton eyed the basket, but finally burst out: "By Gott, you no get me dis time. Vat you got in der pasket?"

The lady made an evasive reply and was about to move on when he shouted, "If you got dhracks den I'm von Union soldier, but if der pasket am filled mit mince pies, schnapps and pound cake den I be seesh 'shust like der tivel.—American Tribune.

Logan Was There.
General Logan was a member of congress at the breaking out of the war. When he saw there was really going to be a fight, he seized a musket, slipped out of Washington, and walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to have a hand in the fray. The route was complete, and the next morning, a good deal out of breath, he was back at the capital, telling some of his fellow-congressmen what he had seen. "Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from Northern New York, as he joined the group. "Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker was mystified; apparently he had not heard the news. "You were there?" he exclaimed. "are the cars running?" "No," said Logan. "The cars ain't running, but every other thing in the state of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."

RICH AND RARE GIRLS

THE BIGGEST FINANCIAL PLUMS IN THE LOTTERY.

Nine Pretty American Heiresses—All Are Heart Whole and None Are Seeking Titles—Fair and Free Are They.

BETWEEN THE Atlantic and Pacific coasts there are at least nine young ladies who may be regarded as the primest matrimonial catches in this or any other country—the belle ideals of the whole world.

These young ladies, to go over them hastily, are Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, her cousin Miss Sloane, Misses Alta and Edith Rockefeller, Miss Sylvia Greer, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Maudie Alice Burke, Miss Julia Dent Grant and Miss Helen Post. Of these New York claims Miss Green, Miss Vanderbilt, Miss Sloane and the Misses Rockefeller during the time they are not in Cleveland. Chicago divides Miss Grant's time with New York, while California claims both Miss Burke and Miss Fair, while the Bridge city holds possession of Miss Post.

So the distribution across the country is not an unequal one. Let no one suppose that the possession of millions makes all women alike, and levels them or raises them to the rank of society puppets, mere butterflies to feed upon the sweets of life and die when day is done, without having accomplished anything more than being beautiful. Far is this from being the case with these nine rich girls, who are all as different as possible, and who all are possessed of very distinct characteristics.

Miss Vanderbilt is considered the richest of the lot. Perhaps she is, and



HELEN POST.

perhaps she is not. When fortunes reach the hundred million mark it is hard to tell which is the greatest, on account of the daily fluctuations of the great markets which these fortunes control. Miss Vanderbilt will have many of these millions for her own some day.

The resemblance of Miss Gertrude to her father, Cornelius Vanderbilt, is very marked. She has his low forehead, his benevolent expression, and the same low, half shy manner of talking. She has gone out little. Her friends are Miss Gerry and Miss Paulina Whitney. Her debut in society is a thing of the future. She will probably be presented this summer at Newport, but as she is not quite 18 this may be postponed until the fall, when the grand city house will have its ball room thrown open. Miss Vanderbilt is a quiet girl with no fads at all.

Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane, a cousin of Miss Gertrude, is another very rich young woman. She has an older sister in society, but this sister, it is said, has already mortgaged her affections, leaving the debutante, Miss Emily, with an open field.

The two girls that come next on the list of belle ideal catches are the Misses Alta and Edith Rockefeller. These are the daughters of John D. Rockefeller and the heiress to—Well! Their father swore upon the witness stand that he could not tell within twelve millions what his real wealth might be. So form an estimate yourself.

These young ladies are the best in the world, so far as real, true worth goes. They are highly accomplished. Miss Alta, the eldest, plays the piano, Miss Edith is an expert on the violin, their father plays the second violin in this home orchestra, while their mother takes their respective parts. Their home life is ideal.

Miss Alta is about 25 years old and Miss Edith is a little younger, but neither of these girls have ever entered society, and neither has even had a Paris dress. A home dressmaker makes their clothes, and one maid suffices to preside over their toilets. Their time is devoted to visiting the sick at St. Luke's hospital, to study, to music and to outdoor sports. Both of these girls will probably marry ministers or missionaries.

In the same category as these girls—too shy for society—is Miss Sylvia Howland Green, the only daughter of Hettie Green, and the heiress of \$100,000,000, maybe more. Miss Green had \$3,000,000 left her by her grandmother, the interest of which she has never touched, and she gets, besides, a large amount from certain investments made for her long ago by her father, when the latter was the rich member of the family.

Her friends say that Miss Green will marry; and that the man will be any one who will be kind to her and will take the trouble to penetrate the reserve which is wrapped about her and to overcome the shyness which she can not control. She is said to be like her father, and that she will make a good wife and a pleasant home, with

her straightforward, honest nature and her millions, there can be no doubt.

Very different from these are the two California heiresses, Miss Virginia Fair and Miss Maudie Alice Burke. Both are beautiful, dashing girls. Both revel in society. Both are "showy" girls, and both have brilliant, effervescent manner—sometimes criticised in New York—but characteristic of the fine open air life they have led.

Miss Burke is the prettier of the two. She is a blonde, a red blonde,



VIRGINIA FAIR.

with pearly teeth, peaches and cream complexion and eyes usually called "hazel." She laughs a great deal; and is the idol of her uncle, old Gen. Horace W. Carpenter, who made his millions on the Oakland Sea Front. Miss Burke has no fortune herself, but she has always lived with her uncle—since the marriage of her mother the second time—and is his acknowledged heiress to \$60,000,000.

Miss Fair has a sister, Mrs. Hermann Oelrich of New York, with whom she lives part of the year, and from whose Fifth avenue mansion she was introduced into New York society. But she always claims California as her real home. Miss Fair is less beautiful than her sister, having less regular features. Her hair, eyes, and eyelashes are black and as beautifully regular as those of a madonna, but her nose is retroussé—vulgarily styled a "pug"—and although a very pretty girl, she can not lay claim to the classic beauty which made Miss Tessie Fair, now Mrs. Oelrichs, so very celebrated. Miss Fair lives a life of great gaiety. Her father, ex-Senator Fair, has about \$50,000,000 invested in coast line, but just how much Miss Virginia will get is not known. She has frequently said that she must marry an intelligent man—one of whom she would not tire, and that she would care little for money, so long as he were agreeable to her personally.

Brooklyn's greatest heiress is Miss Helen Post, the daughter of Stephen Post, and the owner of \$4,000,000 in her own name, besides an income for life of \$10,000 a year. Miss Post is a debutante, with many attractions to recommend her. She is a blonde, is very pretty and an expert in outdoor sports. She is a leader in the Algonquin Riding club and an active member of the Civitas club, an organization to purify the government of Brooklyn. Miss Post is a little inclined to be strongminded. She is a typical intellectual society woman of the century, or as the next century woman will be, and combines the qualities of knowing how to dance and how to think in a most remarkable and charming way. Miss Post's matrimonial choice will be a Brooklyn man, so she says.

None of these rich girls have any conspicuous faults—unpleasant fads



GERTRUDE VANDERBILT.

or unreasonable peculiarities. And all are so lovely in mind, as well as desirable in person, that it may be said that the men who capture these nine virgins will have done wisely—not counting the hundred millions they will get.

Tin for Filling Teeth.
A dental specialist has made a discovery that is likely to have a decided influence upon the future of dentistry. This practitioner declares that in ordinary cases tin is quite equal to gold for filling teeth. Chemically pure tin is run into a mold of proper shape, and when cold is cut by a lathe into very thin shavings. These are used in the same way as gold. They are said to be more adaptable and cohesive than gold, and while not as durable will answer every purpose. It is a well-understood fact that gold fillings really last but a few years. The tooth decays or breaks away around the metal, which must be taken out and the cavity repaired. This is expensive, and while some of the present day dentists will adhere to the gold filling and high charges, there are others who will fall into the popular line and use tin and make out their bills accordingly.

A number of shopkeepers in various parts of England have lately been heavily fined for marketing and selling American beef and bacon as English products.

DREAD OF AN EVIL EYE.

T LEADS TO THE REMOVAL OF THE OPTICAL ORGAN.

An Absurd Superstition Through Which a Woman Is Caused to Suffer Torture—Singular Notions Which Obtain Among Western Pennsylvania Folk.

If the story told in the office of an attorney in Cleveland may be relied upon Mary Dietz, on account of an absurd superstition, recently suffered the torture of having one of her eyes gouged out by an alleged doctor from Pennsylvania. The story was told in the law office of Levi Bauder by James Barrow, an ex-soldier who served in the same regiment with Bauder during the war, says the Chicago Times. The superstition in question is the old one about the evil eye, and the woman who was maimed was supposed to possess it. The old belief about the evil eye was that it withered and turned to decay every living thing on which it rested. To be in the presence of an evil eye was to be seized with a lingering illness, followed by death and the grave. If the possessor of such an eye lived on a farm the horses, cows, sheep, chickens and swine were seized with a mysterious disease and died. In any locality it was fatal to the inhabitants thereof. They lost their appetites, became pale and thin, and finally death claimed them. Under the gaze of such an eye the farmers' crops of grain stopped growing as though a worm gnawed at their roots. In some parts of Pennsylvania this superstition still exists, and all those connected with the horrible occurrence are from that part of the country.

Mr. Bauder retold the story related to him by his former comrade as follows: "If I remember correctly Barrows married his present wife about three years ago. She is what we term Pennsylvania Dutch, a class of people who are very superstitious and firm believers in the evil eye. Well, he came into my office a few days ago and for an hour and a half he told of the experience of his wife with a woman who had the evil eye. For a long time, he said, he had noticed that his wife acted in a strange manner. When he asked her about it she told him that she believed she had been 'hoodooed' by some person with an evil eye. His story was that she would lie down on the floor and go through a series of movements which were alarming. Finally, he said, she suspected that Mary Dietz, a neighbor, was possessed of the evil eye. I believe he told me that his wife called at the woman's house and consulted with her and her husband about her suspicions. At any rate it was decided that a doctor who was experienced in the discovery and treatment of eyes of that description should be sent for. He said they located one in Pennsylvania and he was promptly engaged. In due time the so-called doctor arrived and went to the woman's house. My friend said that his wife was there and she witnessed all that took place. A bowl of water was taken into the room and the woman with the supposed evil eye was asked to look into it. At this point I wanted to know what the bowl of water had to do with the matter. He then explained that it was used to discover which eye was the evil one. If either were an evil eye its reflection could be seen in the water. Then he went on and told me the story of the destruction of the woman's eye. While she was looking into the water, he said, the doctor saw in the bowl the reflection of the evil eye. He looked again to make sure which eye it was. Then he made a quick movement with his right hand, which grasped some kind of an instrument.

Mrs. Dietz uttered an agonizing cry, and there were blood marks on her face, which were hidden when she covered her eye with her hands, and then she was carried into a room and laid on a bed. The doctor remained and treated the woman until she recovered from the shock. My friend told me that the woman's eye soon healed, that his wife became her former self again, and that she firmly believed that the destruction of the evil eye had saved her life. Barrows said that such an eye prevented prosperity in any neighborhood where it existed. Frequently, he stated, in communities where there are many believers in evil eyes, they gather at some house and standing around a large bowl of water look down on it, while a doctor watches for the reflection. If any of the superstitious believers suddenly have an eye gouged they gladly welcome the pain accompanying the loss of the optic, because they prefer death to being the possessor of such an evil organ."

Dog Sense.
The question has frequently been raised, "Do dogs understand remarks made about them in conversation? I think they do, and I will tell you the reason why. I once had a little terrier whose eye had accidentally been seriously injured. I remarked to my wife that I intended to call in a surgeon to see if he could not do something to cure it. The dog, which was lying on a rug near by, immediately got up and left the room. I went after the doctor, but on his arrival the terrier was nowhere to be found. I called him repeatedly, but without avail. At last, after a long search, I found him hid upstairs in a closet. When I carried him downstairs he whined piteously and evinced a strong dislike for the surgeon, and would scarcely allow himself to be touched by him."

MICHIGAN LANDS

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A teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a wine-glass of cold water will relieve a mild attack of headache.

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The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it. A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you, that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

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IN THE HALLS OF JUSTICE.

During a hearing in the Jefferson market (Philadelphia police court the other day a woman among the spectators suddenly shook her fist at one of the policemen. When an attempt was made to eject her she resisted so forcibly that she was arrested and hauled before the justice. "What has the policeman done that you should shake your fist at him?" the judge asked. "Nothing," replied the woman, "only he looks like a man I don't like. She was fined \$10.

A woman in Georgia was recently tried before a court on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. A clear case appears to have been made out against her, but her lawyer secured her discharge without denying a single allegation and without calling a single witness in her behalf. He simply asked the prosecutor whether he could swear that the defendant was not of sound mind, and, on the answer being in the negative, the judge ordered the woman's discharge and lectured the prosecutor for bringing a case into court in which the prosecutor could not take oath as to the mental capacity of the defendant.

Clarence Merring and Richard Briggs, brothers-in-law, living at Williamsburg, Pa., had a quarrel lately, which caused them to appear in the police court. The two men married sisters on the same day about a year ago, and a few weeks ago Mrs. Merring became the mother of a bouncing boy, but Mrs. Briggs didn't. The two couples met at the house of their father-in-law in Jamaica, and Briggs asked permission to carry the baby down stairs for his wife to look at. Merring good naturedly advised him that he needed a little experience before he could trust him to handle his baby, whereupon Briggs got angry and in the quarrel that followed he hit the proud father in the eye. This was what brought these brothers into court.

JESTS AND JOKELETS.

Diner, to waiter who brings the soup—Why didn't you take your finger out of that soup? Waiter—Oh, it isn't hot.

Bacon—They say Mrs. Shrew's mind is all gone. Egbert—I'm not surprised. She used to give her husband a piece of it every day.

Ethel—Was the wedding a very brilliant one? Gladys—Oh, very. They had to employ four detectives to watch the wedding presents.

"Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?" Bridget—They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them I had plenty of your own, and better, too."

Teacher—Define obedience. Little Girl—Obedience is w'en girls don't go anywhere without asking and boys don't go anywhere without telling.

Travers—Look here, these shoes you made for me squeak. Shoemaker—They always squeak at the end of thirty days, sir, if the bill isn't paid.

Mrs. Slimdick—Why do you bring the dog into the house? Cook—Please, mum, the boarders always inquire after him w'en there is sausage for breakfast.

"Fitzgoober's wife leads him a terrible life; she's constantly quarreling with him." "Indeed; why I didn't think she ever lost her temper." "She don't; it is always with her."

"Gotox has sent that wooden-headed son of his on an ocean voyage. I wonder what for?" "I understand somebody told him if there was anything in the boy the sea would bring it out."

"Of course you believe in the millennium," said the irritable man's friend. "To be sure." "What is your idea of it?" "It will be a time when every lawnmower will have a music-box attachment."

Western Farmer, showing her about the place—Aunt, you haven't seen everything yet. If you'll come around to the other side of the house I'll show you the cyclone cellar. Elderly Aunt, from the East—Dear me! Do they sell cyclones here?"

Not Down in the Books. A boy was once brought before "Old Steady" Baker, the mayor of Folkstone, for stealing gooseberries. Baker turned over to Burn's "Justice," but, not being able to find the article he wanted in the book, which is alphabetically arranged, he lifted up his spectacles and addressed the culprit thus: "My lad, it's very lucky for you that, instead of stealing gooseberries, you were not brought here for stealing a goose; there is a statute against stealing geese, but I can't find anything about gooseberries in all Burn; so let the prisoner be discharged, for I suppose it is no offense."

Winter Wheat, 100 Bushels Per Acre. Wonderful reports come in on Salzer's new winter wheat and monster winter rye. Over 2,000 farmers planted these grains last fall and now report yields of 50 to 70 bushels wheat, and over 60 bushels rye per acre. The way it looks 100 bushels will be reached. Send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., 4c postage stamps, for samples of this wheat and rye and fall catalogue.

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WITH A BANK BILL.

A Man Who Planned a Good Joke on His Friends.

The New York Tribune tells of a man who walked into a hotel near the Grand Central station early the other morning, having just left a train. He ordered and ate a hearty breakfast and then, instead of giving his waiter the money to pay the check and waiting for the change, as most men do, he "tipped" the waiter and carried the bill to the cashier. In his hand, along with the bill for his breakfast, he held a ten-dollar note.

"I wish," he said to the cashier, that you would pin a slip of paper to this bank bill, so that you can identify it, and then put it away, please, until I call for it. I'll be back tomorrow."

The cashier looked rather astonished. "Yes," said the other, "I only want to leave it here as security for my breakfast. I'll come back to get it."

"But it's a good bill," said the cashier. "I'll accept it and give you the change."

"No," replied the stranger, "I don't want you to do that. I want merely to leave this bill in pawn. I want to pledge it. Give me the price of my breakfast on it, and tomorrow I'll redeem it."

"Oh, I see," said the cashier with a smile, "you want to keep this bill because it has some peculiar value through association. It's a sort of a souvenir, eh?"

"Well, not exactly," was the answer. "You see, I have been over in Boston. I went nearly broke there. When I was coming away some of my friends insisted on lending me some money. I told them that I should not need it, but they declared I could not pull through. One of them forced \$10 on me."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "You take down the number and date of this bill. I'm coming to Boston again next week. Now, to prove to you that I don't need this \$10, I'll bet you that I bring the same bill back with me. I'll bet a dinner for us all."

"They took the bet, and that is why I want to put this bill in pawn. Pretty good joke on them, eh?" he said, with a wink. "I spend it and yet I keep it. Take good care of it for me," and he went out looking like a conqueror.

About five minutes later the cashier took out the bill, pinned the slip of paper to another one of about the same color and appearance, and slipped them back into his cash drawer.

"I wonder who'll have the joke on him now?" he said to himself, and then he whistled softly.

Whitechapel, London.

The district of Whitechapel, London, is rapidly ceasing to be, as it is generally considered, a distinctively cockney-populated locality. In 1891 one in every five inhabitants of the district was a foreigner, and since then there has been a great influx of foreigners, mostly Russians and Russian Poles. More than 2,000 of these foreigners settled in the district during last year, driving out almost as many Londoners. The birth rate in Whitechapel is forty-one as compared with twenty in the western districts of London and forty-seven in Russia. Even if immigration should cease it is pretty certain that the Russians and Poles will soon predominate in Whitechapel.

A Ship Canal for Canada.

The Hurontario ship canal company of Canada has been incorporated by the Canadian legislature for the purpose of constructing a ship canal from Toronto, on Lake Ontario, to Georgian bay, near Collingwood. The stock capital of the company is \$65,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 must be paid and ten per cent subscribed before it has legal existence. One clause in the franchise requires that the directors must be British subjects. A number of American capitalists are interested in the scheme. It is a revival of the old project which has been advocated at intervals for many years.

Marriage in High Life.

There are people in New York who today after the rich. The following conversation took place in a Third avenue street car:

"So your sister is married?" "Yes, and she did very well—splendid. You have heard of Vanderbilt?"

"Oh, yes. Did she marry into that family?" "Well, yes, so to speak. She married a nephew of Vanderbilt's chief cook. He is the driver of a street car."—Texas Siftings.

The Last Thing They Would Guess.

Hungry Higgins—Wet you got in the package? Weary Watkins—Socks. Hungry Higgins—Socks? Weary Watkins—That's what I've made all of 'ree bones on dem socks already dis' afternoon, lettin' de hobos guess what I had at tea cents a guess. Dey wasn't a one of 'em come within a mile of it.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Tunnels of the World. The tunnels of the world are estimated to number about 1,142, with a total length of 514 miles. There are about 1,000 railroad tunnels, twelve subaqueous tunnels, ninety canal tunnels and forty conduit tunnels, with aggregate lengths of about 350 miles, nine miles, seventy miles and eighty-five miles respectively.

It Really Looks That Way. Teacher—Johnnie, if I gave you one apple and Dick Jones ten apples what would that be? Johnnie—A clean freeze out on me, ma'am.

The rock of Gibraltar is an exact representation of a lion lying in a resting position.

IT HITS THEM HARD.

WALL STREET "NEWS" ON THE BIG STRIKE.

The Famous Editorial Which Has Been Going the Rounds of the Press—It Says That No Dividends Have Been Forthcoming.

[From the Wall Street News, July 2, 1894.]

Railroad management in this country has reached a crisis compared with which all past experiences become insignificant. Just when the bituminous coal miners' strike had been settled and it began to look as if there was some hope of the railroads being able to earn something more than operating expenses the wheels on every road from the eastern slope of the Mississippi valley to the Pacific coast are either actually stopped, or active preparations are under way to bring them to a standstill—on nearly all the principal western trunk lines, the suspension of traffic has already taken place. Never was the action of the railroad officials more important, never were the principles involved more vital to the successful operation of our great railroad properties than at the present moment. The annual traffic revenue of the railroads of the United States amounts to considerably more than a thousand million dollars; it is proposed to stop this revenue and in so doing to cripple or destroy every business enterprise throughout the country which is dependent upon the railroads for transportation, while a few hot-headed labor leaders settle a question of difference which has arisen wholly outside of the management of the railroad companies themselves.

It is absolutely of no consequence whatever, whether the position taken by Mr. Pullman, or the Pullman Palace Car company, is right or wrong; that question is in no way involved. To raise it to the dignity of a moment's consideration is to concede that the leaders of any labor organization have a right to stop the turning of the wheels on 150,000 miles of railroad, while they settle a dispute with the manufacturer of axle grease without the liberal use of which it is, of course, unsafe to move trains. Or they might pick a quarrel with a car wheel manufacturer and then insist that all the wheels made by the concern should be taken off and replaced by others, before the trains would be allowed to move again. Indeed, these propositions would be more reasonable than the demand now made, for there are numerous manufacturers of axle grease and of car wheels, but with the exception of one other company whose cars are fully employed on a few lines, there are no sleeping or palace cars except those made by the Pullman company. President Depew of the New York Central stated the matter very tersely to a representative of the Wall Street Daily News on Saturday when he said:

"The spirit of the strike, as I understand it, is by closing up the railroads and detaining travelers all over the country wherever they may be to create a public opinion which will compel the manufacturing company to secure work and do it, no matter what the loss may be. With the relations between the manufacturing company and their employes the railway companies have nothing to do, and it is none of their business. That is a matter which ought to be adjusted by the parties immediately concerned. But precisely how stopping thousands of people on the arid plains of Arizona, and in the super-heated belt of the northwest, many of them women and children, many of them travelers hastening to the bedsides of dying mothers, wives or children, many of them invalids who may lose their lives by the exposure, is to compel a manufacturing company to find contractors to build cars and then build them, is just one of those problems which the railway mind is unable to grasp."

It is impossible to contemplate the action of the many thousands of railway employes in blindly following the mandates of an irresponsible leader, without a feeling of wonder and astonishment to say nothing of the disappointment and humiliation which it inspires. The only explanation that can be given is that they have done so because they are blind. But this fact only augments the duty involving upon the managers of the railroads in resisting the influence of the insolent and selfish charlatans who arrogantly assume the position of supreme dictators, and also in opening the eyes of the poor, deluded fellows who have started to follow them. There is no middle ground for the railroad manager, and there must be no halting or hesitation in his action. To parley with, or in any way to recognize, for a moment, the leaders of the strike, would be a movement fraught with the greatest danger to the prosperity, not alone of the railroads throughout the country, but also of the country itself. Railway officials, stand by your guns.

Colorado Consumptives. Colorado City is a beautiful and fashionable place, but sojourners of sound lungs find its hotels oppressive. Consumptives are familiarly called "lungers" in Colorado, and to the man of sound health every one he meets seems to be a lunger. The hotel clerk has a hacking cough, so has the hotel barber, so has the barber's boy, so has the news-vender and the type-writing young woman. When at length the desperate stranger takes a trolley car to visit the beauties of the little city's suburbs a consumptive takes his fare and another holds the brake.—Ex.

The Length of the Day. By a simple rule, the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising which will give the length of the night, and doubling the time of setting will give the length of the day.

WALKED ALL DAY.

How a Georgia Moonshiner Earned Fifty Cents.

A strange scene was enacted in the yard of the county jail lately, says the Atlanta Journal.

If any one had looked behind the tall board fence among the moonshiners about 6 o'clock the other morning they would have seen from the earnest conversation of the men and their excited gestures that something unusual was about to happen, and if they had peeped behind the fence at 6:30 they would have seen a long, tall fellow walking back and forth along the narrow yards, looking neither to the right nor left, but keeping up the steady lick he had struck, unmindful of the remarks made by his companions.

It was a long walk, for it began at 6:30 in the morning and ended at 7 in the evening, but the most remarkable part about it was that the man, walked the day away for the small sum of fifty cents.

The young man who did the walking is David R. Payne of Union county, who is serving a thirty-day sentence in jail for illicit distilling.

His home is on Young Cane creek, and he is as wild and untutored as a mountain moonshiner ever gets to be.

One morning when breakfast was being served, Turnkey Pat McCullough, in a joking way said to Payne, who had been bragging about the long walks he had taken, "I'll bet you fifty cents you can't walk all day."

"A whole fifty cents?" he exclaimed, with a whistle of astonishment.

"Yes; fifty cents," replied McCullough.

"You mean it, pardner; you ainter joking?"

"Not a bit of it."

"It's a go, pardner. I'll take the bet of any er you fellers will cover the fifty cents."

The money was covered and at 6:30 o'clock Payne began his walk, striking into along, swinging stride, which he kept up all day long. He walked from one side of the yard to the other, a distance of 155 yards for the round trip, making it every two minutes.

When dinner time came he did not stop to eat, but took his plate of victuals in his hand, eating as he walked. He was given water many times during the day, but never stopped to drink it. He swallowed it on the move, and never once lost the long, swinging stride he started in with in the morning.

He kept up his walk until 7 o'clock that night, never stopping for a minute after he started.

By making the calculation, it will be seen that, if he walked 150 yards in two minutes, he walked from 6:30 to 7, 12 1/2 hours, a distance of 83 miles and a fraction.

He was given the fifty cents when he finished his walk, and seemed very proud of it as he laid it away in his pocket with the remark, "That's a good little pile er money. I never did see as much as \$5 at one time during all my life."

Heard None of His Own Operas.

The great French composer Auber, the writer of "Fra Diavolo," "Crown Diamonds," and about fifty other first-class operas, was a peculiar genius in more than one respect. He never heard a performance of one of his own operas, which, of itself, is a thing without parallel in musical history. He would never allow any one in his presence to mention death, or allude in any way to matters that might recall what, to him, was the most awful of all subjects. He was wealthy and lived in the utmost luxury in Paris, and when at last he died, while the city was in the throes of the war with the commune, preparations were made to give him an elegant funeral. But a mob came along during the ceremony, scattered the mourners, took the body out of the hearse, threw it into the ditch, and led off the horses to draw cannon. It was a singular end to a life of luxury and aesthetic ease.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It Interested Him.

Sydney Owenson, who was made suddenly famous by her novel, "The Wild Irish Girl," met a great actor at supper: Mr. Kemble (she says in her memoirs) was evidently much preoccupied. He was seated vis-a-vis, and had repeatedly stretched his arm across the table for the purpose, as I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's head. Alas! my head happened to be the object which fixed his attention, which, being a true Irish cathach head, dark, cropped and curly, struck him as a better Brutus than any in his repertoire of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his purpose, he actually stuck his claws into my locks, and, addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked: "Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"—Argonaut.

A Grievance in Sight.

"I'd like to know what all these spectacles!" grumbled Mr. Skimplint. "I've always taken the very best care of them, but they've begun to fail me. I can't see through them well any more."

"Why don't you take them back to the man you bought them of?" asked Mrs. Skimplint.

"I would if I could," he rejoined savagely, "but he died fourteen years ago."

The Length of the Day.

By a simple rule, the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising which will give the length of the night, and doubling the time of setting will give the length of the day.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure. All others contain alum or ammonia.

In an interview with a reporter of the New York Sun the representative of the Hamburg-American line declared the number of steamer passengers going to Europe from this country within five months was surprisingly large as compared with the same period of 1893. In the case of the Hamburg-American line the increase has been almost 80 per cent. The representative of the Anchor line reported that the exodus by his line had never been equaled, and was 125 per cent greater during the first five months of the present year than during the same time in 1893. One of the vessels of the Red Star line on her last voyage brought in 80 immigrants and returned with 450. The French line reports almost the same condition of affairs. The North-German Lloyd, while not carrying so many eastward as some of the other lines, reports a decline of about 100 per cent in the westward bound emigrant traffic. The Cunard line's eastward emigrant business increased about one-third over the figures of last year for the period named. This is the first year in the history of the traffic when the outgoing steamer passengers outnumbered the incoming.

QUICK PUFF PUDDINGS.—Sift with one pint of flour one teaspoonful of Price's Cream Baking Powder and a little salt; stir into milk until a soft batter is produced. Put as many cups as you desire into a steamer, first having the cups well greased, and into each cup put a tablespoonful of the batter, on top of which place a layer of strawberries or any other berry you may select. Cover these with another tablespoonful of the batter and steam for twenty minutes.

Market Gardeners and Farmers. Tremendous money is made by getting your vegetables into market 10 days ahead of your neighbors. Salzer's Northern grown Seeds have this reputation. Send to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their wholesale catalogue, including a 2-cent stamp.

The largest bronze statue in existence is in St. Petersburg. It represents Peter the Great and weighs 1,100 tons.



KNOWLEDGE

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

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Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Cutaneous Eruptions, etc. Price 25c. 30c. \$1.

Little steamboats are displacing gondolas in Venice.

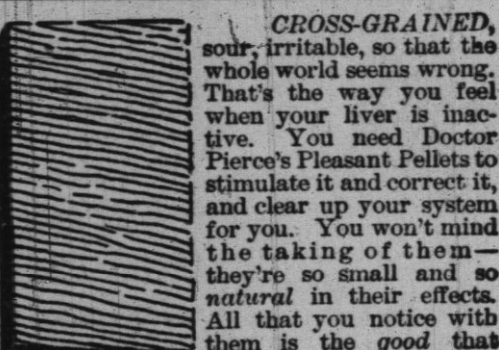
Hanson's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Fashionable young ladies in Japan, when they desire to look very attractive, guild their lips.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

The elephant is the chief beast of burden in Siam and Afghanistan. An "elephant load" is estimated at two tons.

CROSS-GRAINED, sour, irritable, so that the whole world seems wrong. That's the way you feel when your liver is inactive. You need Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to stimulate it and correct it, and clear up your system for you. You won't mind the taking of them—they're so small and so natural in their effects. All that you notice with them is the good that they do.



In the permanent cure of Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and every liver, stomach, or bowel disorder, they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is returned.

Don't tinker at your Catarrh with unknown medicines. It's risky and dangerous. You may drive it to the lungs. Get the Remedy that has cured Catarrh for years and years—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The makers guarantee it to cure, or benefit, in the worst cases.

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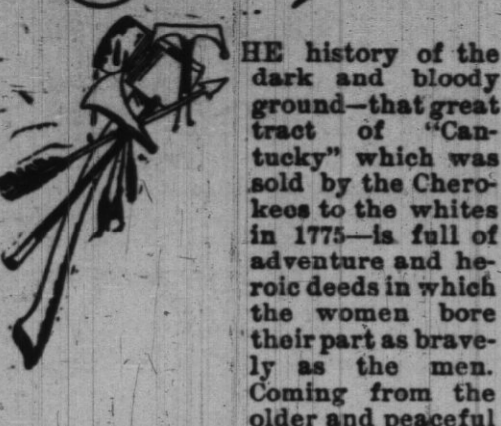
TAKE A REST GO EAST GO VIA THE LAKE SHORE ROUTE AMERICA'S BEST RAILWAY.

VISIT SOME OF THE DELIGHTFUL MOUNTAIN, LAKE OR SEA SHORE RESORTS OF THE EAST, A FULL LIST OF WHICH WITH ROUTES AND RATES WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. SEND 10c. IN STAMPS or silver for Beautiful Litho-Water Color "VIEW OF GRAND FACON POSITION FLYER," the fastest long distance train ever run. C. K. WILBER, West. P. A., CHICAGO.

TOURIST TRAVEL TO COLORADO RESORTS. Will set in early this year, and the Great Rock Island Route, has already ample and perfect arrangements to transport the many who will take in the lovely cool of Colorado.

HIGH ALTITUDES. The Train is perfect, and the most important. The Union Pacific is the very best, and a solid ventilated train called the GREAT FIVE leaves Chicago daily at 10 p. m. and arrives second morning at Denver or Colorado Springs for breakfast. Any Company Ticket Agent will give you rates, and further information will be cheerfully and quickly responded to by addressing JNO. SEBASTIAN, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

AEROIC DEFENSE



HE history of the dark and bloody ground—that great tract of "Cantucky" which was sold by the Cherokees to the whites in 1775—is full of adventure and heroic deeds in which the women bore their part as bravely as the men. Coming from the older and peaceful settlements of North Carolina and Virginia most of them were at first timid and anxious in time of danger, but by degrees they became inured to it and grew accustomed to sleeping soundly, notwithstanding the fact that they lay down each night with no certainty that the morning would find them alive. All the horrors of border warfare, with its frightful harvest of bleeding and mutilated bodies, became so familiar that when in one instance a man died from natural causes the women of the settlement watched by the body all night, because it seemed "so beautiful" after the hacked corpses to which they were accustomed.

In the year 1788, among the pioneers in this new territory was a hardy frontiersman named John Merrill; he had staked off a claim on Sandy creek, in Nelson county, near what was then known as "New Bairdstown," and had built a log cabin after the approved frontier fashion. He had a wife and several small children. Merrill himself was a tall, powerfully built man, and his wife was in every respect a suitable helpmate, being almost his equal in size and strength, and quite so in courage.

On the night of April 1 the family had retired to rest early, as was usual in those days when books were few and lightwood knots and tallow dips furnished the only illumination. The daughter of a neighbor, a girl of 14, who lived a few miles off, had ridden over that afternoon with her father and brother and had been induced to remain for the night and share one of the "truckle beds" with the children.

The bright blaze of the fire, which the rawness of the early spring night made comfortable, had sunk down to a few smouldering embers, and it was nearing midnight when the growls of the great watch-dog outside the door changed into a furious barking, which awakened Merrill from his sleep. Jumping up he walked over to the door, and, pulling down the bar which rested across it, looked out, heedless of the danger to which he might be exposed in doing so. Several shots were fired at him as he stood in the open doorway, and he could see a number of Indians rushing towards him; he fell, shot in the leg and arm, but before the savages could reach the door Mrs. Merrill and the young girl had rushed to it and swung it together, getting the bar into place as the Indians dashed against it.

They helped the wounded man back to his bed, where he lay unable to defend himself or them in any way. The Indians meantime had lost no time in rallying, but at once assaulted the door with their tomahawks. After a short interval the stout oaken planks



showed signs of giving way, and Mrs. Merrill left her groaning husband to seize the axe which stood in one corner of the chimney. Stationing herself at one side of the door she stood determined to do battle for her own life and those of her husband and children.

The break in the door grew perceptibly larger, until it was of sufficient size to admit the head and upper part of the body of an Indian, who was forced, from the height of the opening, to stoop as he endeavored to enter, as he did so the powerful arm of Mrs. Merrill, whom he could not see, brought the keen edge of the axe down upon the back of his neck and he rolled dead upon the floor.

Another head and shoulders came through the opening, again the axe came down, and another Indian fell upon the body of his comrade. Ignorant of the fate of the others two more savages attempted to enter, and four dead bodies, the victims of Mrs. Merrill's axe, lay piled upon each other at one side of the partially splintered door.

The attack then ceased for a while, and the Merrills heard the remaining Indians parleying on the outside. Finding that none who went in by the broken door gave any token of life, the savages concluded that the way was too dangerous to be given further

trial, and they commenced exploring around the house in search of some safer place of attack. The single, small window, with its one close shutter of boards, was too firmly secured to prove available, but the yawning top of the great chimney, built of rough stones and daubed with clay, was more than wide enough to admit the passage of a man's body.

With heavy hearts the Merrills became aware that some of the savages had climbed upon the roof and were commencing a descent down the chimney. Merrill rolled himself with difficulty from the feather bed on which he lay, heedless of the agony which this caused him to feel, in his wounded arm and leg, and with the help of his oldest boy, who was only 7, he dragged it to the fireplace, slit it open with a knife which the boy brought him and emptied its contents on the smouldering coals. A stifling smell and smoke went up the chimney and partially pervaded the cabin; it proved so overpowering to the two Indians who were climbing down the inside of the chimney that they lost their hold and tumbled down half suffocated upon the hearth. Leaving the girl to guard the broken door Mrs. Merrill ran to the fireplace. The two ill-starred intruders had fallen face downward into the stifling smoke and feathers, and the brave woman had no difficulty in dispatching them also by blows from her dripping weapon.

At this juncture the seventh and last Indian stuck his head in through the hole in the doorway to see how matters were progressing, and the cries of the girl who stood guard warned Mrs. Merrill of this new danger, and called her back to her former post. Powerful woman though she was, the unusual exertion and the death of six men, all of them killed with her own hand, now began to tell upon her strength and nervous system. The great excitement under which she labored, and the imminent danger had kept her up so far, but she was now so much exhausted that it was but an uncertain blow which she dealt upon the cheek of the last foe. It was owing to this that he was able to extricate himself from the door, and retire from the contest. His wound proved to be not very severe, and he succeeded in making his way back to his tribe at Chillicothe. In a letter written shortly afterwards by Colonel James Perry to Rev. Jordan Dodge, dated Nelson county, Ky., April 20, 1788, it is related that this Indian upon his return was questioned by some white men as to what was the news. His reply was:

"Plaguey bad news; squaw fight worse than long knives." Merrill lived to get well and obtain a small indemnity for all he had undergone by disposing of the ornaments worn by his would-be-murderers. The bodies of the dead savages had been adorned with fine head-dresses and many silver ornaments, which were stripped from them by the neighbors before they were tossed into one common grave for burial. This silver furniture, as it was styled in Colonel Perry's letter, was carried to one of the larger towns and sold for what in those days was thought a considerable sum.

No Motion, But Much Matter.
Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel, and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case. He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury, however, was composed of farmers who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and in spite of the boy's evident weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding justice turned to Mr. Paine and remarked: "Have you any motion to make?" Mr. Paine arose and, in his dry and weighty manner answered: "No, your honor; I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the constitution of the United States allow—a trial by his peers.—Argonaut."

What Made Her Sad.
The world was moved to pity at the sight of her woeful face. Thus it happened that the world halted in its headlong flight and gazed upon her. "Little girl!" The world spoke in a soft, gentle way, which seemed to fit it strangely. "What makes you sad?" Her curving lashes dropped upon her cheek. Her lips quivered. "I'll admit," she rejoined, "the boys' fielded rotten, but I do believe it was mostly the umpire's rankness that lost us the game." The world lingered just long enough to fill its lungs with good fresh air, when it proceeded on its way as if nothing had happened.—Detroit Tribune

Basis of Judgment.
Mr. Porkingham, of Kansas City—Now, here's a question: Who shall go first in to dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Packer or Mr. and Mrs. McCann? Mrs. Porkingham, with a sneer at his ignorance—Why, there is no question as to who takes precedence! The McCanns kill 2) more hogs a day than the Packers.—Puck

It Wasn't an Exception.
Haverly—Do you ever give your seat to a lady in a crowded car? Austen—Never. Haverly—Why, now I think of it, I saw you do so last night. Austen—She wasn't a lady. She never even thanked me.—New York World

At the Powdering.
Calling, looking at picture—Does your mamma paint?
+Yes, but she's through with that an' is puttin' on the powder now. She'll be down in a minute."

OIL REGION TERROR.

The Man With the Lantern, Who Vanishes in the Explosion He Causes.

The man with the lantern is abroad again. People outside the oil regions do not know the terrible significance of that fact. He has cost the oil regions millions of dollars and many lives. The man with the lantern almost always disappears immediately after he walks abroad. Instances are rare where even as much as a piece of his ear is ever found. But he is not dead.

The man with the lantern never dies in the oil regions, says a letter from Allentown, Penn. He will be sure to walk again a short time after he has disappeared once. He first appeared in history in 1814. This was at Marietta, Ohio. Nobody knew anything about petroleum in those days, but in digging a water well at Marietta, oil was discovered, as long ago as that. It was called "fossil oil" by the local savants. There was much gas with it. A lot of the oil was collected and put in a cistern. One night the man with the lantern came strolling on the scene, but the pyrotechnical wonders and splendors that were displayed in that vicinity for days and nights as a result of his visit failed to compensate his widow and six small children for his sudden transfiguration.

He was absent until the beginning of oil operations in Pennsylvania thirty-five years ago. Then he materialized. He has been walking ever since, and his dread apparition will doubtless continue to walk abroad as long as oil wells and storage tanks last. He is generally an employe about the wells, and in nine cases out of ten a man of experience and intelligence, but he can't resist the fascination of paying a visit now and then to some gas enveloped tank, carrying his lighted lantern. Sometimes the result isn't disastrous, but that isn't the fault of the man with the lantern. Usually, though, an explosion follows. If it is not succeeded by a destructive fire the fact will be one worthy of special note in oil-region chronicles. A roll call of the employes of that particular oil property, and the taking account of the toolhouse stock, will show that the man with the lantern has been walking again.

He appeared at an oil storage tank near this village recently in the person of T. J. Applebee, tank inspector. He discovered a leak in the tank. He went up to investigate it with his lantern. Applebee was not killed by the explosion that followed, which was a most miraculous and almost unheard of experience of the man with the lantern, but he will be blind and terribly crippled for life. The tank and 500 barrels of oil were destroyed, and a disastrous conflagration was averted only by hours of persistent effort. Yet the man with the lantern will be walking soon again somewhere in the oil regions as sure as fate.

Curiosities From the French.
A novel which was recently crowned by the French academy as possessed of unusual merit contained a sentence of which the following is a translation: "It was midnight. A man who lay in ambush listened to their conversation; but suddenly a dense dark cloud passed in front of the moon, and prevented him from hearing more." Here is another phrase, written in full earnest by a master of French criticism: "It was one of those duels in which one of the blades literally buries itself in the heart of the other." A criticism in a French journal upon a dramatic performance lately ended with these words, which are worthy of Sir Boyle Roche: "Mme. Judic's talent is like the froth on good champagne. Beware of thrusting the scalpel into it; for if you do, there will remain naught but a pinch of ashes at the bottom of the alembic." Another French journal, in speaking of the results of certain false reports, declared: "This is the handiwork of evil tongues, manipulated by cruel hands."—Argonaut.

Her Confidence Shaken.
"It is a dreadful thing not to have confidence in one's husband," said Mrs. Swifkins.

"Yes," replied the visitor. "But you surely have no trouble with yours."
"That is all that you could be expected to know about it. I was playing poker with him the other evening and he raised the limit on two deuces, and then got scared and called me. Now, what is to become of a woman who has trusted her future to such a man?"

A Wise Little Kitten.
Little Dot—My kitten is sick and I have been trying ever so hard to make her take some medicine, but she won't touch it.
Mother—Of course not. Cats never take medicine when they are sick.

Little Dot—Why, isn't that queer? I never would have thought that a little bit of a kitten would trust to the faith cure.

The Hard Part.
"Here's a piece in the paper I had around me lunch," said Plodding Pete, "that tells how Chauncey Depew says it's easy to make an after-dinner speech."
"Course it is," replied Meandering Mike. "De element of difficulty is in de dinner."—American Industries.

For Ladies Only.
Old Gentleman—There is something wrong with that slot machine in there. It claims to tell your correct age. I am over 70 and it made me out 35.
Hotel Clerk—That machine is for ladies only. You will find a better one in the billiard room.

ONLY FOOLED HER ONCE.

An Inspecious Husband Forgot the Trick He Played on His Wife.

I have a friend who is comfortably well off, with a reasonable amount of good investments and a good salary, but he has a weakness for using money freely. He has also a good wife with "a frugal mind," and by a domestic arrangement she exerts a salutary check on the liberality of her spouse. Occasionally he exceeds his allowance and indulges in tricks on his "banker" to secure a little pocket money, for which he does not desire to render a strict account. Not long ago he needed a new hat and bought it, reporting to his good wife that it cost him \$3, and that sum was duly charged by her to his personal expenses, while in fact he paid but \$1.50 at a "mark-down" sale, and so had an equal amount to "blow in" without exposure. In a little time, however, the wife called his attention to the fact that his hat was looking shabby and suggested that he should get a new one, coupling the suggestion with the remark that the hat did not seem to have worn well, and he must exercise more care in his next selection. Having forgotten his "little game," the husband replied hastily that he thought the hat had done pretty good service for a cheap one. "You can't expect anything from a \$1.50 hat."
"How's that?" says the wife, and forthwith she exhibited her account book with its charge of \$3, and the husband was forced to confess his fraud and promise better conduct in future. There is peace just now in that family, but when he brings home a purchase the wife calmly but firmly asks him to turn in a receipted bill from the salesman.

WOMAN COMES LAST.

How the Arab Regards His Wives and Daughters.

An Arab—meaning a tent-dweller, in an equine sense, the town-dweller is no Arab—loves first and above all his horse. No one need recite the oft-sung affection he will lavish upon him. Next he loves his firearm. This, poetically speaking, ought to be a six-foot, gold-in-laid muzzle-loading horror of a match-lock, which would kick any man but an Arab flat on his back at every shot; but actually, in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is more apt to be a modern English breech-loader. You must fly from the busy haunts of men to find the matchlock. Next to his gun he loves his oldest son. Last comes his wife—or one of his wives, perhaps.

Daughters don't count; I mean the Arab doesn't take the trouble to count them, unless in so far as they minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry, in other words to make a still worse slave of one of them, she is only a chattel—a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any happy chance to cast his eye on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, be it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts.

Unexpected.
It was his first season at the seaside, and to the critical observer there were noticeable in his manner traces of nervousness. Yet he boldly wandered along the beach with the girl in the red blazer. The conversation had reached a juncture which left him no alternative. "Be mine," he urged with trembling voice. "Yes," she rejoined. He pressed his hand to his brow. "This is so sudden," he faltered.

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